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SIXPENCE.

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THE AMENDMENT TO THE ADDRESS, FEBRUARY 23: SCENES DURING THE DELIVERY OF MR. BRODRICK'S REPLY TO MR. BECKETT, AND THE ENSUING DEBATE ON ARMY REFORM.

SKETCHES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, RALPH CLEAVER.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Mr. Chamberlain's mission to South Africa is ended, and its immediate results are plain to everybody. To say what it will bring forth is much too hazardous an exercise in prophecy; but the omens are more remarkable than any that were visible to the unhappy gentleman who wrote in a review that, with the close of the war, Mr. Chamberlain's predominance had disappeared, just before his mission was announced. Scarcely less felicitous were the statements before Mr. Chamberlain reached Cape Town that the Dutch had nothing to say to him, that they regarded him politically as an intruder, and that, if they took any notice of him at all, it would merely be the notice due to a private citizen making a tour. The idea of Mr. Chamberlain allowing himself to be treated as a mere tourist struck me as exceedingly funny. It would have made a capital theme for Mr. Gould's delightful pencil, and I looked into my *Westminster Gazette* for a picture of Mr. Hofmeyer politely offering to show the stranger the sights of Cape Town, or Mr. Merriman asking him if he would like to buy a nice bull-pup. In all this gossip there was a suggestion that, whatever might have happened in the Transvaal and the Orange Colony, the Dutch in Cape Colony were obstinately resolved not to recognise the actual situation.

The Boer chiefs had recognised it. Would the Afrikaner leaders make believe that the war had changed nothing, and that Cape Colony could remain indifferent, just as Mr. W. P. Schreiner thought she could remain neutral when Mr. Kruger was bent upon invasion? Happily they have chosen a more rational part. Mr. Hofmeyer, who is somewhat of a veiled prophet, has disclosed his features with nods and becks and wreathed smiles. I do not say they are absolutely convincing. Somehow one prefers the blunt statement of Delarey that the Government would find him trustworthy. But Mr. Hofmeyer is full of sound sense and excellent sentiments. We hear no more about the compensation of rebels and the withdrawal of Lord Milner. Mr. Hofmeyer and his friends repudiated Dutch boycotting, but asked for another inquiry into the administration of martial law; whereupon the mere tourist invited them to remark the discrepancy between their principles and their practice. Inquiry into martial law would mean a stimulus to boycotting. It was a wholesome reminder, and the affair ended with the utmost goodwill. Mr. Chamberlain has succeeded because he has abated none of his frankness, and has never allowed the reality to slip through his grasp. He has hectored nobody, and has suffered nobody to hector him. He returns home with a prestige which rises above party divisions, for it is manifest that his statesmanship has done far more than the most sanguine among us could have hoped to resolve the difficulties in South Africa, and lay the basis of an enduring pacification.

The Kaiser's excursion into theology is vastly interesting to Germans, and some of them commend it to the world in general as a political utterance of the highest value. Perhaps the world is not deeply impressed by the announcement that the Emperor William I. must be ranked with Moses, Abraham, Kant, Goethe, and Shakspeare among the instruments of Divine revelation. All that the Kaiser's grandfather knew he learned from Bismarck, and as he was a very simple-minded gentleman, he had occasion to blush for his teacher. Frederick owed everything to his native genius, and without him Prussia might have disappeared from the map. Why is he excluded from the gallery of the inspired? He was a Voltairean cynic; but in practice there was nothing to choose between his views and those of the old Emperor William's preceptor. Can it be that the Kaiser does not revere him because the Prussian army he had modelled was destroyed by Napoleon twenty years after Frederick's death? What is certain is that the triumph of Prussia in 1871 was due to Bismarck and Moltke, who made the German Empire between them, and have a much better title to sit with Moses and Abraham in the Kaiser's quaint Sanhedrim than any member of his family.

This mediæval habit of singling out the instruments of Divine revelation to the prejudice of other conspicuous personages has been abandoned in most of the Christian communities on account of its misleading character. Canonisation is now extremely rare. It is probable that none of our contemporaries will ever be deemed worthy of the honour. Some four hundred and seventy years have passed since Joan of Arc suffered the martyrdom which made her glorious and her judges infamous; and yet you may read that the *advocatus diaboli* is still busy with a case against making her a saint. There is a certain delicacy, I presume, in beatifying a woman who was burnt as a witch according to the best theological wisdom of her time. This may be one reason why nobody of our own day has much chance of being canonised. A later age might criticise the

procedure. Already the nimbus with which the head of Kaiser William I. is encircled by his dutiful grandson is plainly seen to be the rightful property of a less exalted head. There is one reigning Sovereign who may rival William II. in this confident distribution of Divine honours. The Sultan Abdul Hamid, I imagine, knows exactly what men in history most deserve the homage of the truly religious. With becoming modesty he might put himself last upon the list; but the Kaiser, as a particular friend and ally of his, should have a pretty high place.

A correspondent writes to me: "A learned American editor of cookery, Mr. George Ellwanger, ascribes the decline of gastronomy to the indifference of woman. Women, he says, care for nothing in a dinner but the sweets; and if they drink anything, they like to drink sweet champagne. Sir, I am unacquainted with any woman who drinks sweet champagne, or makes believe that she subsists on pastry and ices. This astonishing Ellwanger further maintains that without plentiful sugar woman would lose her roundness, and become 'lean and scrawny.' 'Scrawny,' I suppose, is American for scraggy. One moment he says that woman must be induced to take an interest in the entrée if cookery is to be saved, and then he tells her that unless she is stuffed with chocolate-creams she will cease to be alluring. And this is a consistent reformer! Sir, I have sat next to women at dinner who have distracted my attention from solid nutriment by the sprightliness of their conversation, and when we have reached the maccaroons they have lapsed into silent absorption. Do you know what it is to feel hungry because a too assiduous Hebe has removed your plate repeatedly when you have been looking into eyes that spake again? When those eyes are fixed on the maccaroons, and you are left to look over the menu, and find you have eaten nothing, desolation is not the word to describe your state. But in these days that experience is rare."

I submitted this communication to a lady, who said that the chocolate-cream-cum-maccaroon woman might be a compatriot of Mr. Ellwanger's, but did not notably exist on this side of the ocean; that it was slightly absurd to throw the responsibility for the decline of cookery, if it had declined, upon woman, seeing that wherever a particular fuss was made about food, as in clubs, the cook was always a man; that the average woman, who had to superintend the cookery in a household for the man allotted to her by indiscriminating fate, could not be expected to put her inner fancies into a ragout; that if he wanted to cultivate gastronomy (hideous word!) he should dine at a restaurant, and take her with him; that the restaurant chef was always a man, so woman was again acquitted of any primary concern; that, in any case, the menu was of much less consequence to a woman than what she wore and what the other women wore; that man had no reason to trouble himself about his stupid clothes, and was therefore able to give his mind to eating and drinking; and that the books men wrote about gluttony in all ages alone sufficed to explain the slow upward progress of the race. "I have dipped into your Ellwanger," added this pleasing censor. "He says the hog is an intelligent animal, quite fitted to be the companion of man; also that his snout is long enough to reach the truffle deep in the earth. Striking truths, my friend, both of them. And so symbolic!" I set this down with pain, and hope she did not mean what she said.

Some misguided genius is trying to persuade commercial men, who are supposed to be hurried in the middle of the day, to lunch by machinery. You enter a luncheon-bar, touch two or three buttons, and instantly a plate rushes at you on a rail, taking in provender on the way, salt and mustard tipping themselves dexterously upon the edge of the plate as it glides swiftly along. Bread pops up at your elbow like a pantomime demon through a trap-door; whisky-and-soda, or stout-and-bitter, pour into a convenient tumbler or tankard their mechanical cascade. When the animated victuals are before you, they have to be conveyed to your impatient palate by your hands: surely an obsolete device and a serious waste of time! Why not touch another button and set in motion an apparatus for cutting up the cold beef and shooting the morsels into the open mouth as fast as you can receive them?

This breathless gobbling has prompted some old-fashioned persons to propose a scheme for lunching out of town. You take the twelve-something train to Richmond, enjoy a leisurely and peaceful meal, catch the one-something train back to the City, meet the breathless gobbler doubled up by indigestion and going home on an ambulance, and throw yourself irresistibly into the business of the afternoon because you are, as the poet has somewhere remarked, "refreshed by Nature's holy charm." It is a beautiful idea; but suppose the train at one-something failed to co-operate? Then the holy charm might be no better than poison.

PARLIAMENT.

The most important amendment to the Address was moved by Mr. Beckett for the purpose of condemning Mr. Brodrick's scheme of Army organisation. Mr. Beckett said that, as a Unionist, he had no desire to attack the Government. He wanted to show that the War Office policy was totally unsuited to the needs of the country. It disregarded the fundamental principle that the defence of our shores was the business of the Navy primarily, and then of the citizen army. There had been an increase of ten millions in military expenditure, and for this the country had received no proper equivalent. It was impossible to maintain six Army Corps in this island except on paper. Major Seely urged that to spend as much money on the Army as on the Navy created an intolerable burden. Mr. Brodrick's scheme confused the forces needed for foreign service with the forces for home defence, which should be drawn from the Militia, Yeomanry, and Volunteers. Sir Charles Dilke took the same view, and argued that the military expenditure should be reduced, and more money spent on the Fleet. Mr. Brodrick defended his scheme mainly on the ground that it provided the country with an organisation which the South African War had shown to be necessary. He was reproached then because there were not enough troops ready for the emergency, and he was reproached now for making provision for future emergencies. For the ten millions increase of Army expenditure the country had obtained an addition of 54,000 Regulars and 11,000 Colonial troops. Recruiting was so satisfactory that he had been able to raise the standard of height in some branches of the service. So far from believing that the national security was compatible with the maintenance of a smaller Army, he held that we could not safely make the reduction that was demanded.

Mr. Beckett's lead was followed by a number of Unionist members, including Mr. Winston Churchill. The amendment was supported by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Mr. Asquith, and Sir Edward Grey, who said that if an appeal were made to the patriotism of the people they would flock to the Militia and Volunteers. Mr. Balfour said that of the six Army Corps three were needed for home defence and three for the defence of the Empire. This might not be the popular belief, but the Government would not trim their sails to popular favour. The amendment was rejected by a majority of 116.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

THE STAGE SOCIETY'S NEW PLAY, "A MAN OF HONOUR," AT THE IMPERIAL.

An outrageous last act utterly spoilt Mr. Somerset Maugham's new play, which was produced this week by the Stage Society, and had for three-quarters of its length, despite the conventionality of its problem, proved interesting and moving drama. What is to be thought of even the victim of a *mésalliance* found at one moment bemoaning his vulgar wife's suicide and frantically declaring he is her murderer, yet a moment later shown rejoicing in his freedom and ardently receiving the widow he loves, while all the time the wife's corpse is lying in an adjacent room? The conclusion, is the more revolting because Mr. Maugham's "man of honour" is suddenly exhibited in a totally new light. Hitherto this barrister (made not too sympathetic, by the way, by Mr. Granville Barker) has appeared as an irritable but well-meaning doctrinaire, who thinks he makes amends to the barmaid whom he has wronged by marrying her lovelessly. It is a pity the author should have wantonly defaced his work, for it contains good matter—a scene of marital quarrel bearing the very accents of truth; a study of a blatant, cadging, Cockney clerk that is humorous and only a trifle overdrawn; and a passage of desperate appeal (the heroine's) which is poignantly pathetic. Moreover, certain young players were doing Mr. Maugham good service. Thus Miss Winifred Fraser, who caught the right note of vulgarity and was quite affecting as the heroine; Mr. O. B. Clarence, who sketched in the cad with some sense of character; and Mr. Dennis Eadie and Miss Gertrude Burnett, who, in the rôles of a happy married pair, displayed ease and sincerity. Their labours deserved more consideration from their undoubtedly clever but wrong-headed playwright.

"THE LINKMAN," AT THE GAIETY.

It was a happy thought of Mr. Edwardes to signalise the last months of the old Gaiety's existence by reviving in a brief *revue* the features of his theatre's chief successes and reminding his latter-day patrons of the older favourites who contributed to the Gaiety public's amusement. What could be more pleasant than to seem to hear Mr. Hollingshead's famous quartette singing again "We are a Happy Family" in "The Forty Thieves," to have David James once more trolling forth the "Ri-too-ral" chorus of "Little Jack Shepherd," to watch Fred Leslie and Nellie Farren going through the quaint schoolgirl duet of "Ruy Blas and the Blasé Roué," to observe the long procession of burlesques and musical comedies from "Monte Cristo" to "The Toreador"? Very adroitly has Mr. George Grossmith junior linked together these "Gaiety Memories," and very neat are some of his colleagues' imitations of their predecessors. Mr. Mackinder is Edward Terry and Seymour Hicks to the life; and Miss Violet Lloyd's reproduction of Letty Lind's tones and dancing is quite exquisite. Only less good are Miss Ethel Sydney's caricature of Ellaline Terriss and Mr. Grattan's suggestion of the Arthur Roberts manner; while, not to mention the "turns" of Mr. Edmund Payne, Miss Connie Ediss, and Mr. Fred Wright, pretty Miss Gertie Millar makes a capital substitute for the unique dancer of the 'eighties, the late Kate Vaughan.

ART NOTES.

At the Grafton Gallery the Ridley Art Club has held its seventeenth exhibition during the week closing this day—Feb. 28. Inasmuch as the Private View was last Saturday, and the Press Day last Friday, almost all weekly papers can do no more than notice the exhibition as a thing of the past. To hang these large rooms with two hundred and eighty paintings and drawings, and to set out a certain number of statuettes, miniatures, and jewellery, is to take a great deal of trouble for less than a week of exhibition. The motive for this laborious public appearance is hardly explained if we seek in the Ridley Art Club any distinctive kind of exclusion or of inclusion—for either strict exclusion or liberal inclusion makes an interesting *raison d'être* for an art club or a show. Here, however, is neither. The standard, besides, is not different in degree from that to which the many open exhibitions have accustomed us. A number of rather half-hearted experiments have been made; but even of these not many. And perhaps the best pictures are examples of work we know well—for instance, the animated portrait by Mr. Melton Fisher of his wife.

Among the landscapes are a series of sketches by the late Mr. W. H. Bell, two of which at least are very interesting for their colour and their true sketch-quality. An artistic character belongs also to the strongly tinted and vivid "Turkish Boat, Ragusa," by Mr. Terrick Williams, who exhibits besides "A Shop, Ragusa," a rich and brilliant passage of street life and light. In Mr. William Padget's "Wild Weather" we recognise a quality of landscape-distance that has assuredly been learnt in a good school. But the sky, on the other hand, is somewhat lacking in beauty and spirit; and this is true also of "A Marsh Dyke," by the same painter. Both, however, are spacious and interesting landscapes. "The Beach, Night," is a decorative study in deep blue by Mr. Louis Grier, in which the coloured sky, "pricked with stars," the shore-lights, and the boat are very happily composed. Miss Beatrice Bland's "Clouds" and Mr. G. Gascoyne's "Trees in Summer" are to be noted among the landscapes; and "A Young Breton," by the painter last named, and "Portrait of my Father," by Mr. Frank W. Carter, among the portrait studies. Both have good quality. Of the water-colours we do not carry away very happy memories, but two, at any rate, are fine drawings: "New Forest," by Mr. Reginald Jones, and "The Old Mill, Montreuil-sur-Mer," by Mr. Giffard H. Lenfestey. In the work last named the architectural perspective is excellent and the buildings most intelligently treated. "Old Door, Venice," by Miss Agnes Kemp; "Unloading Timber at Honfleur," by Mr. Reginald Jones, fresh and simple; and "Tremezzo, Lago di Como," by Mr. Graham Petrie, are to be noted for more or less of beauty.

Messrs. Colnaghi have a remarkable exhibition of mezzotints and water-colours in Pall Mall. The work of those admirable reproductive art-handicraftsmen, James and Thomas Watson, is not well known, and the catalogue will probably tell the visitor more than he knew before—among other things that the similarity of name is probably accidental, and that the Watsons, though contemporaries, were not relatives. Their mezzotints of the portraits of Reynolds are masterly, and they have rendered some of his most beautiful subjects. Here are, for example, the "Mrs. Crewe," the "Duchess of Manchester and Son," the "Mrs. Lascelles and Child." Here are also plates of those great portraits of men, Garrick, Warren Hastings, and Burke.

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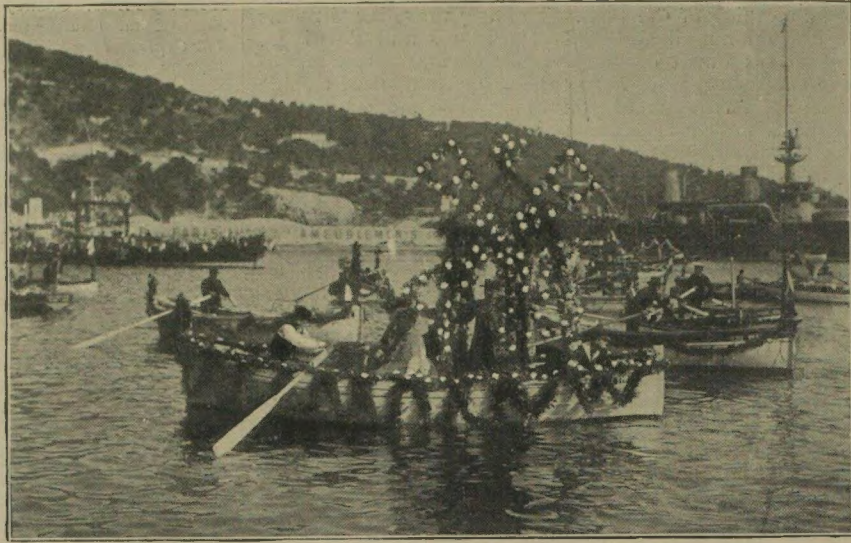
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THE CARNIVAL ON THE RIVIERA: THE NAVAL BATTLE OF FLOWERS AT VILLEFRANCHE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHUSSEAU-FLAVIENS.



THE DECORATED BOAT OF THE CHASSEURS ALPINS.



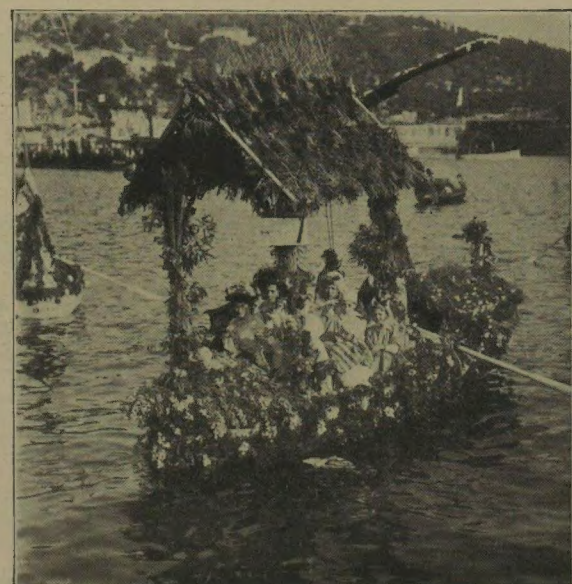
THE NAVAL BATTLE OF FLOWERS AT VILLEFRANCHE.



AN ELABORATELY DECORATED BOAT.



HOLIDAY WARFARE: THE ARMoured VESSEL "ST. LOUIS" ATTACKED BY THE FLOWER-DECORATED BOATS.



ONE OF THE MOST PRETTILY DECORATED BOATS. REPRESENTING A WINDMILL.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S TOUR: THE REORGANISATION OF THE AFRIKANDER BOND.

Mr. Sauer.



Mr. Merriman.

Mr. Hofmeyr.

Mr. Chamberlain.

A PORTRAIT GROUP: MR. CHAMBERLAIN AND THE LEADERS OF THE NEW "SOUTH AFRICAN PARTY," WHO HEADED THE DEPUTATION TO THE COLONIAL SECRETARY, FEBRUARY 21.

The new "South African Party" has taken over the Bond, and intends to adapt it to the present state of affairs. Mr. Hofmeyr is the non-Parliamentary chief of the party. Messrs. Merriman and Sauer the leaders in the House of Assembly. The delegates declared their attachment to the British connection, and referred to their attempts to discourage rebellion. They deplored the selection of Dr. Jameson as head of a political party.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S TREK.

On Jan. 24 Mr. Chamberlain began his great trek across the veldt from Potchefstroom to Mafeking. On the first night a halt was made at Ventersdorp, and the next day, in company with General Baden-Powell and General Delarey, the Colonial Secretary went on to Lichtenburg, a fairly large town in the Western Transvaal, forty-two miles from Mafeking, which is the nearest railway station. There Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain (the only lady in the party) arrived at five p.m. The Colonial Secretary inspected a guard of honour of the South African Constabulary. On the following day Mr. Chamberlain addressed the inhabitants, and announced that Lord Milner would shortly publish a proclamation which would have a final bearing on the question of compensation. The travellers departed about midday on the 26th, intending to outspan at a point about thirty miles along the road. Their wagonette was drawn by six mules supplied by the Repatriation Committee. As the trek proceeded, General Baden-Powell pointed out the scenes of prominent events of the war, and the Lichtenburg camp had actually been reconstructed in facsimile for the occasion. Mafeking was reached on the 27th. On the 28th a visit was paid to the Bechuanaland chiefs at the Imperial Native Reserve. Among the minor potentates presented to Mr. Chamberlain were Khama and Linchwe. These magnates were diversely attired, some wearing black frock-coats and Panama hats. They welcomed the right hon. gentleman with great cordiality, and presented tribal addresses, to which Mr. Chamberlain replied, exhorting them in the King's name to a peaceful policy.

Kimberley was reached on the 29th, and the second day of the visit an enthusiastic meeting was held in the Town Hall to welcome Mr. Chamberlain. On the entry of the right hon. gentleman, who was preceded by the Mayor, the cheering lasted for fully three minutes, and again, after the presentation of addresses, when Mr. Chamberlain rose to speak, the enthusiasm was unbounded. Mr. Chamberlain eulogised the work of the defenders of the town, and a tremendous and sympathetic silence fell upon the audience when he remarked that every stone of the Empire had been cemented by blood.

THE POPE'S FIFTH LUSTRUM IN HIS SEE.

On Feb. 20, Leo XIII. celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his election to the Chair of Peter. Only two other Pontiffs have rivalled in length of years the reign of the first Bishop of Rome. One of these two Popes was Leo XIII.'s immediate predecessor, Pius IX.; the other was Pius VI., who did little more than complete his twenty-fifth year of office, thus barely seeing the traditional years of Peter. Leo XIII., on his anniversary morning, received a body of Cardinals and three thousand Italian pilgrims. From the Cardinals he received a gold tiara, symbolic keys wrought in gold, and a donation of money to restore the Lateran Basilica. In his reply, the Pope expressed his gratitude to Providence for having been permitted to celebrate that day. The aged Pontiff is said to have looked remarkably well. His manner was very vivacious and joyful. So huge a number of telegrams were received from all parts of the world that the operating staff of the Vatican had to be trebled. During the day Mass was celebrated at St. Peter's by Cardinal Rampolla. For many years, it is well known, the Pope has not gone beyond the confines of the Vatican gardens, and the theoretical antagonism between the civil and ecclesiastical power no doubt accounted for the apathy which the populace of Rome displayed towards the Jubilee.

THE SOMALILAND EXPEDITION.

The latest advices from Somaliland show that the preparations for the advance are nearly completed. At a post in the Mudug region stores sufficient for three months will be collected, and this point will be the base of future operations. Early in April, when the main force has been established there, communications between the coast and Mudug will be suspended. The base, at Obbia, on the east coast of Africa, will be transferred to Berbera, on the Gulf of Aden, as soon as the Bohotle force which is advancing from the north has established communications with Mudug. After that has been accomplished all additional supplies will be drawn from Berbera. In an early issue we hope to publish sketches of the operations, by Mr. Melton Prior, our Special Artist in Somaliland. This week our Illustrations do not extend beyond a small but very important campaigning accessory—Major Rickett's ingenious camel-litter, capable of conveying six wounded or sick men.

THE SITUATION IN MOROCCO.

The reports from Morocco have lately been of a curiously conflicting character. On the one hand, we have the message which Kaid MacLean is said to have sent from Fez to the effect that he believes the rebellion to have been entirely crushed. He adds that the Sultan's Western ideas cannot be held wholly accountable for the rising, as the Pretender also had a scheme of reform. The Sultan, his Commander-in-Chief avers, will pursue his progressive policy as keenly as ever. On the other hand, we have rumours that the Pretender has been victorious; while one of the most distinguished of the correspondents declares that the

situation is unchanged, and that the operations which have been going on for some time have merely been punitive expeditions against rebellious tribes. Meanwhile, the jesting Pilates of Europe are left exclaiming, "What is truth?"

THE GREAT FIRE AT GLASGOW.

A tremendous and destructive fire, which did damage estimated at about £40,000, broke out at the Glasgow Docks on Feb. 18. A range of harbour-sheds was



NEW ISSUES OF POSTAGE STAMPS.

1. STAMP FOR NEWSPAPERS CARRIED BY THE BEIRA AND MASHONALAND RAILWAYS.
2. BAHAMAS 5d. STAMP, WITH A LOCAL VIEW, "THE QUEEN'S STAIRCASE."
3. NEW 5-CENT UNITED STATES STAMP, WITH HEAD OF LINCOLN.
4. NEW 1-CENT KING'S HEAD HONG-KONG STAMP.
5. NEW 2-CENT UNITED STATES STAMP, WITH HEAD OF WASHINGTON.

Nos. 1, 3, 4, and 5 supplied by Messrs. Whitfield King and Co., Ipswich; No. 2 by Messrs. Bright and Son, Strand.

burned down, and the greatest havoc was wrought in the storage-yard of Mr. W. Stevens, where a large quantity of resin, turpentine, and mineral oils was deposited. Within the yard stood a brick building where straw was stored, and this also added fuel to the flame. The spectacle presented by the burning of so much inflammable material was, as our Special Artist has shown, weird and picturesque in the extreme, the flames overleaping a very tall chimney-stack in the neighbourhood, while the dense clouds of pitchy black smoke gave the appearance of some huge volcanic eruption. Burning oil poured down towards the river, and the entire surface of an adjacent road was a sheet of fire. Windows were broken and woodwork was scorched in the houses of Old Govan Road. At four o'clock on the morning succeeding the outbreak the fire began

orange, green, and other colours, in the style of the old Chinese, and mounted with neck-band, handle-mount, body-straps, foot and cover of silver-gilt, 1581." The same firm purchased a silver-gilt James I. standing salt-cellar weighing sixteen ounces for £1150. The sale of the Page-Turner collection, which also took place at Christie's, amply proved with what discrimination Sir Edward Page-Turner bought. Two old Sèvres biscuit figures, after Falconet, known as "La Baigneuse" and "La Surprise," purchased in 1867 for £150, fetched 2100 guineas; while a Louis XVI. parqueterie commode, with panels inlaid with parqueterie of satinwood and mahogany, bought in 1863 for £50, sold for 680 guineas. Among the old Chinese porcelain a pair of cylindrical vases were bought by Mr. Duveen, Old Bond Street, who purchased the other articles we illustrate except the Malling jug and Jacobean salt-cellar.

ANTIQUARIAN FINDS IN YORKSHIRE.

During the ploughing of a field at Templethorpe Farm, Temple Newsam, near Leeds, there was discovered a stone coffin containing the remains of a man and a woman. The skeletons were in a wonderful state of preservation. Not far from the place where the coffin was found some masonry was unearthed, and it is conjectured that this was part of the foundation of a temple.

NEW POSTAGE-STAMPS.

We illustrate this week a number of newly issued postage-stamps. The one-cent Hong-Kong is the first of a series of King's-head stamps, to be gradually issued as the stock of the different denominations of Queen's-head stamps becomes exhausted, and is also the first bi-coloured postage-stamp issued in the colony. The large stamp is used for prepayment of postage or carriage on newspapers conveyed by the Beira and Mashonaland Railways, pending the establishment of an efficient mail service, when they will be replaced by the ordinary Rhodesian postage-stamps. The five-penny Bahamas bears the same design as the two-shilling and three-shilling stamps, but is of a different colour. The two-cent and five-cent United States issues, bearing portraits of Washington and Lincoln, are the first of a series, the other denominations of which will be placed on sale as required.

A CURIOUS SHROVE TUESDAY RELIC.

In the tower of St. Mary's Church, Morley, Yorkshire, hangs an ancient bell bearing the date 1160. Every Shrove Tuesday morning it is rung for one hour, and the custom has been followed for centuries, although its origin is quite unknown. The people of the locality believe that it has some connection with the baking of pancakes; hence its name, the "Pancake Bell." On the last occasion of the ringing, scores of people went into the belfry to take a pull at the rope in order that they might claim some share in the traditional usage. Our illustration is from the only photograph ever taken of the bell.

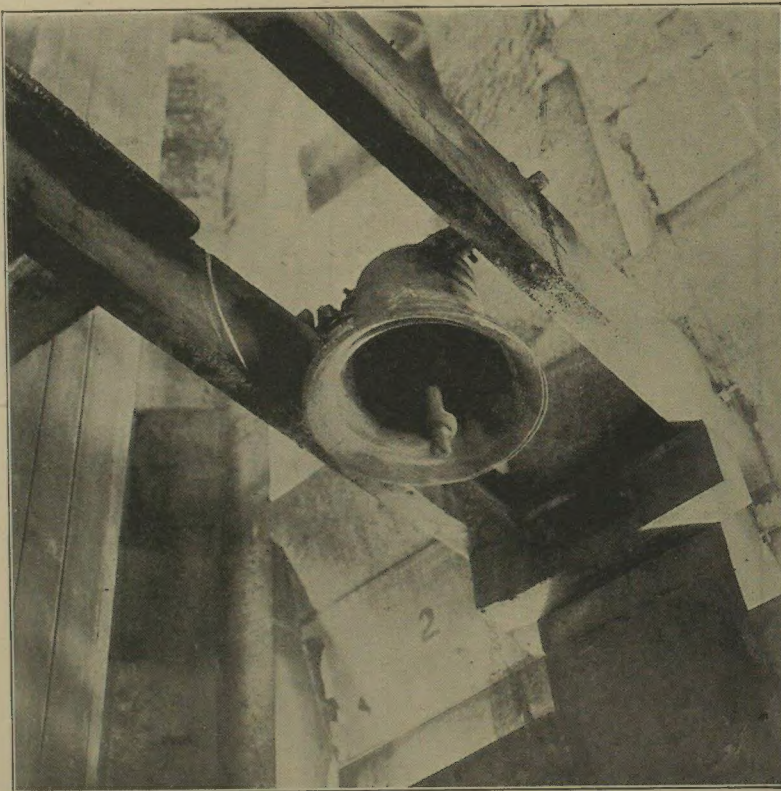
THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.

The Cambridge crew, of whose practice in home waters we publish a photograph, rowed through to Ely on Feb. 17, with a view to obtaining livelier water for training, and have since continued their work on the Adelaide course. Both the Oxford and Cambridge crews went into strict training this week; the new era for the Dark Blues being marked by a change of coach; Mr. C. K. Phillips, of New College, taking the place of Mr. G. C. Bourne.

ARABIAN RIDING - CAMEL, OR DROMEDARY.

As we have racers and cart-horses, so the Arabs and the natives of North-eastern Africa have breeds of camels severally adapted for riding and for carrying burdens. It is to the fast-riding and racing camels that the name Dromedary alone applies, so that this term—the Greek equivalent of "racer"—indicates merely a breed and not a particular species. All the camels of Arabia and Africa, as well as those employed in India, belong to the single-humped species, which is a lightly built and long-limbed animal in comparison with its double-humped relative, the Bactrian camel of Central Asia. Not improbably some of the herds of the latter species which are found in the neighbourhood of the Gobi Desert are the descendants of aboriginally wild animals; but the Arabian camel is quite unknown in a wild state, and we are even ignorant of its birthplace, although it

is quite likely that this may have been North Africa or the neighbourhood of the Arabian Desert. For traversing desert tracts camels are absolutely indispensable, and for this purpose they have been introduced into Australia and Arizona, where some of them have run wild. Their broad cushion-like hoofs proclaim them essentially animals of the desert, and a camel is absolutely helpless on a wet and slippery inclined road. As if conscious that man cannot do without them, camels are some of the worst-tempered and ill-natured brutes in creation; and, save for their endurance and the heavy loads they can carry, no one has a good word to say in their favour. If a camel can bite a mounted traveller whom he may be passing in a narrow road, he will never fail to avail himself of the opportunity; and the bubbling noise made by a "mast" camel at night will destroy the rest of an entire camp.—R. L.



A TWELFTH-CENTURY SHROVE TUESDAY RELIC: THE PANCAKE BELL AT MORLEY, YORKSHIRE.

again at the landing-stage, the wood piles of which burned fiercely for a considerable time. Sixteen hours later, the fire, though well under control, had not burned itself out.

RECENT ART SALES.

Some extraordinary prices have been obtained for *objets d'art* brought recently under the hammer. The famous West Malling Jug, about the sale of which there has been considerable controversy, has been disposed of for the benefit of West Malling Church, to whose Vicar and churchwardens it belonged. Put up for auction at Christie's, it was knocked down to Messrs. Crichton Brothers, the well-known silversmiths, of 22, Old Bond Street, for the sum of £1522 10s. It is described as "of Fulham-Delft or stoneware, splashed purple,

PERSONAL.

The Kaiser has supplied the Reichstag with a tabular statement showing the comparative strength of the British and German navies. Many Germans want to know why the Kaiser has taken this trouble. The *Grenzboten* of Leipzig gravely assures us that it is in order to prove to Germany the impossibility of ever making her fleet as strong as ours!

Mr. Leonard Courtney, whose idea of conducting the South African War was that Lord Roberts should halt on the frontier of the Transvaal and invite the Boers to disarm, is "despondent" because public opinion declines to be hoodwinked about German aims. He does not seem to derive any consolation from Dr. Clifford's assurance that "people are beginning to think that war is a most ineffective instrument of human progress."

The Right Rev. Edgar Jacob, D.D., who vacates the see of Newcastle for that of St. Albans, was born in

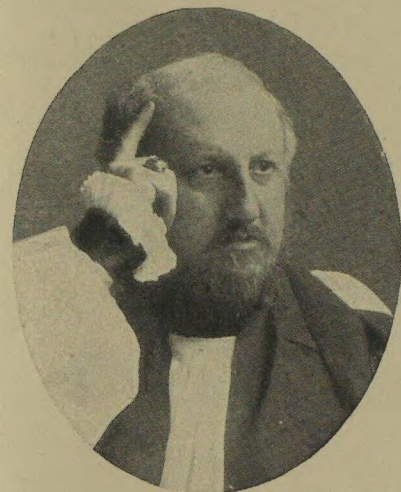


Photo. Russell.
THE RIGHT REV. EDGAR JACOB, D.D.,
New Bishop of St. Albans.

1876 Domestic Chaplain to the Bishop of Calcutta, in 1877 in charge of the Wilberforce Memorial Mission in South London, and from 1878 till 1896 Vicar of Portsea. Among the other offices he has held are those of honorary Canon of Winchester, honorary Chaplain and Chaplain-in-Ordinary to Queen Victoria, Examining Chaplain to Bishops Browne, Thorold, and Davidson of Winchester, Rural Dean of Landport, Proctor in Convocation for Hants and the Isle of Wight, and Select Preacher at Oxford. He was created Bishop of Newcastle on the translation of Dr. Wilberforce to Chichester in 1896.

The Sultan has accepted with some show of alacrity the reforms proposed by Russia and Austria for Macedonia. There is to be an Inspector-General, a gendarmerie recruited impartially from Christians and Moslems, an amnesty for political offences, and the recognition that every district has a right to its own revenues. On paper nothing could be more admirable.

President Roosevelt has delivered another "strenuous" address on military organisation. He said that the United States had become a world Power, and must be prepared for all the obligations of that position. To be "armed, stationed, and alert," as Mr. George Meredith would say, is evidently the motto of America.

The Rev. Archibald Robertson, who succeeds Dr. Ryle in the see of Exeter, is the eldest son of the

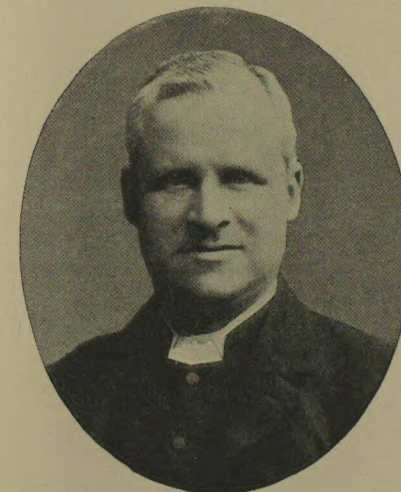


Photo. Russell.
THE REV. A. ROBERTSON, D.D.,
New Bishop of Exeter.

late George S. Robertson, and was born at Sywell Rectory, Northants, in 1853. He was educated at Bradfield College and at Trinity College, Oxford, of which he was a Scholar. Taking a Second Class in Moderations in 1873 and a First Class in Lit. Hum. in 1876, he became a Fellow of his College, and acted as Lecturer and Dean until 1883, when he was elected Principal of Hatfield Hall, Durham. This position he held until appointed Principal of King's College, London, on the retirement of Dr. Wace in 1897. Last year he was chosen Vice-Chancellor of the University of London, and more recently Almoner of Christ's Hospital; while among the other positions he has held are those of Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Bristol, Boyle Lecturer, and Bampton Lecturer. His more important publications include two editions of St. Athanasius's "De Incarnatione" and his Bampton Lectures, "Regnum Dei," in which he traces the idea of the Kingdom of God through Christian literature. Dr. Robertson married in 1885 Eleanor, daughter of the Rev. Charles Noel Mann, Vicar of St. Issey, Cornwall.

The increase of drunkenness in France has provoked a controversy as to the effects of alcohol, and the doctors, as usual, are divided. A vigorous polemic is waged on

behalf of the wine trade, but nobody appears to have the courage to vindicate absinthe.

The Right Rev. the Hon. Arthur Temple Lyttelton, D.D., Bishop of Southampton, Suffragan Bishop for the

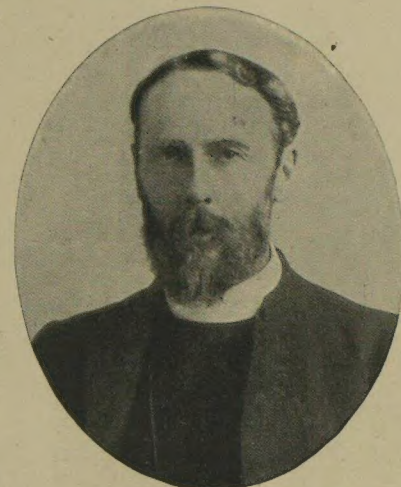


Photo. E. and F. Pickering.
THE LATE RIGHT REV. THE HON.
A. T. LYTTELTON, D.D.,
Bishop of Southampton.

diocese of Winchester, who died at midnight on Feb. 19 after a long illness, was born in London in January 1852, the fifth son of the fourth Baron Lyttelton, and was educated at Eton and at Trinity College, Cambridge. After securing a First Class in the Moral Science Tripos and taking his B.A., Mr. Lyttelton was ordained deacon in 1876 and priest in the following year, his first curacy being that of St. Mary, Reading. In 1879 he became an incorporated M.A. of Keble College, Oxford, and served there for three years as Tutor. In 1882 he was chosen first Master of Selwyn College, Cambridge, resigning the position eleven years later upon accepting the Vicarage of Eccles. From 1884 till 1888 he was Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Ripon; in 1891 Hulsean Lecturer; from 1891 till 1896 Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Peterborough; from 1896 till 1898 Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of London; in 1896 Chaplain-in-Ordinary to Queen Victoria; in 1895 Rural Dean and Proctor in Convocation; and in 1898 Honorary Canon of Manchester. Dr. Lyttelton was selected for the position of Suffragan Bishop of Southampton on the retirement of Bishop Fisher in 1898; and on Jan. 1, 1901, became Archdeacon of Winchester. He married Mary Kathleen, daughter of the late Mr. George Clive, M.P., in 1880.

Mr. Ernest Beckett, who initiated the important debate on Mr. Brodrick's scheme of Army reform, is a Yorkshire banker and heir-presumptive to Lord Grimthorpe. He has a good deal of that nobleman's dogged independence, but does not show it in ecclesiastical affairs.

Dr. Joseph Parry, the well-known musician, who died on Feb. 17 in his sixty-second year, was born at Merthyr Tydvil, and at an early

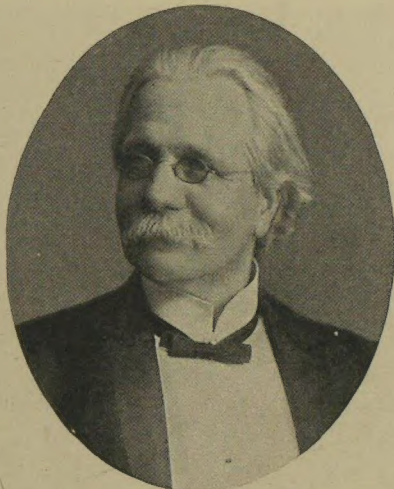


Photo. Wills, Cardiff.
THE LATE DR. JOSEPH PARRY,
Musician.

age gave proof that he had inherited his mother's love of music. The poverty of his parents, however, made study impossible. When he was ten years old, his education ceased, and he was obliged to work at the puddling furnaces, until, in 1854, he, in company with the rest of the family, followed his father to America. There he remained for several years, and on returning home received some musical instruction from John Abel Jones, of Merthyr, and John Price, of Rhymney. In 1862, he took prizes at the Llandudno Eisteddfod, and, three years later, when he was again in America, a harmonised hymn-tune not only won him an award at the Swansea Eisteddfod, but so impressed Mr. Brinley Richards, one of the judges, that at his suggestion a fund was raised to enable the composer to return to England and to study at the Royal Academy of Music. Parry consequently joined the Academy in 1868, studying under Sterndale Bennett, Garcia, and Steggall; in 1870 winning a bronze medal, and in 1871 a silver medal. His overture to "The Prodigal Son" was played there in the latter year. Later, he was appointed Professor of Music at the University College, Aberystwith, soon afterwards taking his Mus. Bac. and, in 1878, his Mus. Doc. degrees at Cambridge. Dr. Parry was the composer of the oratorio "Emmanuel," several cantatas and operas, and a large number of songs, glees, hymn-tunes, and male choruses. At the time of his death he was director of the South Wales School of Music at Cardiff.

There is a revival of the quaint story that Leo XIII. is not himself, but his younger brother, who was said to have died. This legend has many variants in history. It was believed at one time by many people that the Man in the Iron Mask was really Louis XIV., whose brother took his name and title and sat on the throne of France. Mark Twain relates a kindred legend.

Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, co-partner with Darwin in the theory of evolution, expounds in the *Fortnightly Review* the belief that the whole universe is subordinate to the existence of man, and that only our planet is inhabited. This speculation is very gratifying to the

self-esteem of the human race, but it does not show much advance upon the science of the earliest philosophers.

Mr. Lecky has retired from the House of Commons, where he sat as representative of Dublin University since 1895. He was not a debater, and his speeches were infrequent. The atmosphere of the House cannot have been very congenial to him, but he was a joy to the caricaturists. Mirthful portraits of Mr. Lecky had the remarkable advantage of a close resemblance to the original.

Parliament is to be asked to sanction the scheme of the London County Council for maintaining a passenger steam-boat service on the Thames. The old service died of public neglect, and, as the boats were deplorable, this was not surprising. Londoners take little interest in the Thames below Putney, but a really spirited service of steamers might win popularity.

The Right Rev. Herbert Edward Ryle, D.D., who becomes Bishop of Winchester in succession to the

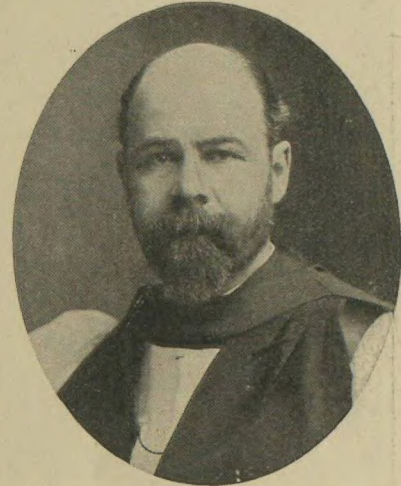


Photo. Russell.
THE RIGHT REV. H. E. RYLE, D.D.,
New Bishop of Winchester.

Archbishop of Canterbury, has been Bishop of Exeter since 1901. Born in 1856, the second son of the Bishop of Liverpool, he was educated at Eton and at Cambridge, where he took a First Class in the Theological Tripos in 1881, and the Carus, Jeremie, Winchester Reading, Hebrew, Evans, and Scholefield Prizes. He became a Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, in 1881, and was for a time Divinity Lecturer at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and at King's College. Ordained deacon in 1882, and priest in the following year, he was appointed Principal of St. David's College, Lampeter, in 1886; Professorial Fellow of King's College in 1888; Examining Chaplain to the late Bishop of St. Asaph in 1887, and to the Bishop of Ripon in 1889; Honorary Canon of Ripon in 1895; Chaplain to Queen Victoria in 1898; Hulsean Professor of Divinity at Cambridge in 1887; and President of Queens' College, Cambridge, in 1896. Dr. Ryle married Nea, daughter of Major-General G. Hewish Adams, late Royal Irish Rifles, in 1883. He is author of numerous works on religious subjects.

The Pilgrims Club, which has for its object the strengthening of ties of friendship between Great Britain and America, will on March 3 entertain the United States Ambassador at the Hyde Park Hotel. Among those who have accepted invitations are the Marquess of Salisbury, the Lord Chancellor, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, and many other personages distinguished in politics, science, and letters. Lord Roberts, president of the club, will occupy the chair. A deputation from the Pilgrims of New York, accompanied by the honorary secretary of the club, Mr. Harry E. Brittain, has formally invited Lord Roberts to a banquet in New York in October.

The Right Rev. Arthur Thomas Lloyd, D.D., Bishop-Suffragan of Thetford, who has been chosen to fill the

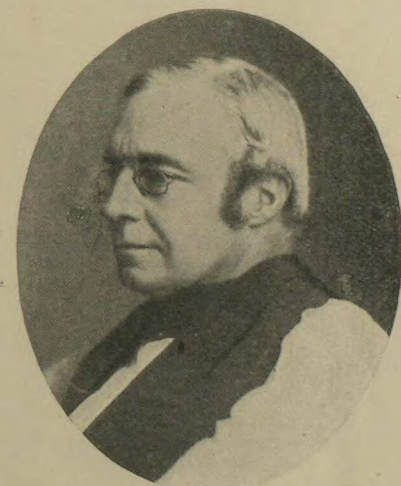
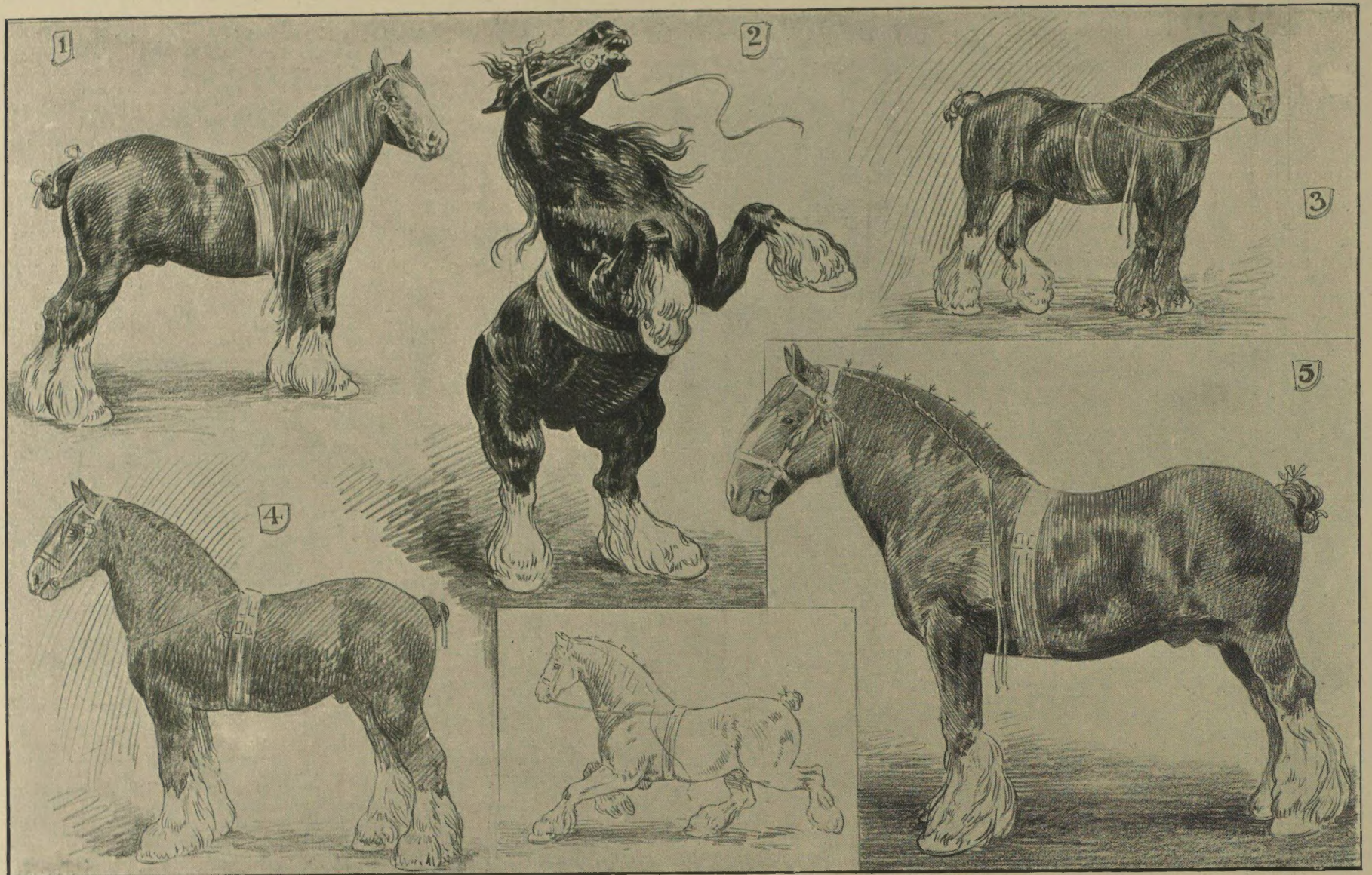


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE RIGHT REV. A. T. LLOYD, D.D.,
New Bishop of Newcastle.

See of Newcastle, vacated by the translation of Dr. Jacob to St. Albans, has already had considerable experience of the diocese which now comes under his control, and has earned in it a deservedly high reputation as a mission-preacher. Born in 1844, and educated at Magdalen College School, Oxford, and at St. Edmund's Hall, he first held the curacy of his native village, Cholsey, Berks, under his father, the Rev. Henry W. Lloyd. In 1876 he was nominated to the Vicarage of Aylesbury; subsequently, upon the foundation of the Bishopric of Newcastle in 1882, becoming Vicar of St. Nicholas' Cathedral, and Honorary Canon and Rural Dean of Newcastle. He also acted as Chaplain to the Bishop, and in 1886 was elected Proctor of the Northumberland Archdeaconry in Convocation. In 1894 he was appointed Rector of North Creake, Norfolk, and Archdeacon of Lynn, and was consecrated Bishop of Thetford and Suffragan to the Bishop of Norwich.

Madame Humbert has obtained a victory over one of her creditors. A money-lender named Cattani was so ill-advised as to bring an action against her for "calumnious denunciation." The alleged calumny was that she called him a usurer. The court held that there was no libel. Madame Humbert defended herself with a volubility that fairly drowned her assailant.



1. STROXTON TOM, 1ST PRIZE (OVER TEN YEARS, LAST YEAR'S CHAMPION). 3. FLEDBORO MINOR, 1ST PRIZE (OVER FOUR AND UNDER TEN YEARS; OVER 16 HANDS 2 INCHES). 4. BIRDSALL MENESTRAL, 1ST PRIZE (THREE YEARS OLD).
2. LORD MAYOR II., 1ST PRIZE (FOUR YEARS OLD). 5. CAPSTAIN HAROLD, 1ST PRIZE (OVER FOUR AND UNDER TEN YEARS).

THE SHIRE HORSE SHOW AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL, FEBRUARY 24-27: NOTABLE PRIZE-WINNERS.

DRAWN BY A. HUGH FISHER.

The Show, which included many fine exhibits, was visited by his Majesty King Edward on February 25.



THE SISTERS OF CHARITY AT THE CLOSE OF THE CEREMONY.



THE PIAZZA OF ST. PETER'S AFTER THE CEREMONY.



THE CROWD OF WORSHIPPERS LEAVING THE CATHEDRAL.



STUDENTS OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC SCHOOLS ON THEIR WAY TO THE CEREMONY.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE POPE'S ELECTION, FEBRUARY 20: SCENES OF THE CELEBRATION AT ST PETER'S, ROME.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY ABENIACAR

THE SURVIVOR.

By MAYNE LINDSAY.



Illustrated by A. FORESTIER.

I.

THE Vicar of Cliffhaven said grace, and looked up, and, in looking, felt the chill of disappointment. Kersleven, who had been hardly two hours under his roof, already presented a problem, and the promise with which his coming had been decked did not seem likely to be fulfilled. The Vicar had not opened a locked door to receive cold outer airs; but to hope for warm company from the man now sitting at his table was, the survey across it told him, extravagantly sanguine.

Kersleven the explorer, man of science and object of national interest at eight-and-twenty, had dazzled the Vicar's simple imagination—until they met. The vision was of a being of heroic mould, one who had lived, by force of will and grip of destiny, where lesser men lay down and died. The reality was a peevish egotist, fretfully concerned about his personal comforts and conveniences. Kersleven was emaciated and hollow-eyed, and he coughed ominously: the Vicar, who made merciful excuses for all human frailties, assured himself that these signs pleaded a sufficient excuse for his lack of manners. Still, it was an effort to marshal the story of the *Elsbeth's* tragedy into line with the impression produced by its survivor. There must have been a *débâcle* of manhood and virility since Kersleven had fought the Arctic winter, and faced the tragic end of his companions.

The situation had arisen from the desolation which the Vicar's wife had left in the Vicarage when she died. They had not been young when the living fell to Martin;

they had been cleansed by waiting of the fires of youth; they were sobered to a perfection of love in which passion had stilled itself to a trembling tenderness of devotion. They spent their short married life in the warm red village beside the beach and among the trees, and they lived it in peace and purity unspeakable. The downs cuddled the house from the north wind; it lay in a seclusion of sun and sea and sweet airs; it was the centre of their world, set apart from the noisy, grosser existence beyond by the hills, the green turf, the water. Eileen Martin had moved in it as the fulfilment of one man's years of hope: her personality filled the place in the time which was given to them together; every corner of the Vicarage, every nook in its garden, her chair, the picture above her bed, the window of her room, received her serene impression, and retained it after she had gone. For she had died, and with her had gone out the light of the Vicar's earthly days.

She had been dead ten months when Martin gave way to the advice of his friends, who urged him to take someone into his house to live with him. They were alarmed by the effect of his bereavement upon him, an effect which numbed and held them at arm's length, and disconcerted their attempts at condolence. Martin, by some process of which the fruits and not the workings were visible, had removed himself slowly from the contact of his fellow-men; and in thus receding from the living, he had drawn towards the barrier behind which his wife was hidden. If the irrevocable law that sunders the

quick from the dead could have permitted an exception to its ruling, Martin's seclusion would have claimed it for him. He made sympathy difficult to give; there was something baffling in the subtle suggestion that it was an actual presence, and not the mere memory of a dead woman, that sustained him. His personality was intertwined with something invisible, and yet none the less paramount. If he spoke of his wife, he spoke as if she were in the next room, without the quiver of an eyelid; and it was more disconcerting to hear than open grief. When he seated himself at table he turned to her empty chair; he spent hours in the rooms she had occupied, and came out from them as from intercourse with a living woman. Exaggerated reports spoke of his eccentricities—those of a man who walked among shadows, neglecting the claims of living humanity. Eileen's books lay where her hand might have touched them; the bowl upon her table was filled with fresh flowers daily; her cushions were arranged in her favourite chair. Only as the night deepened did the illusion of companionship appear to wane; he slept badly, was restless, rose with heavy eyes. His general health suffered, though his level serenity remained unimpaired; he grew trail; he lived gently aloof from the interests of the people who loved him—and he was always lovable. Yet he was conscious of the need for struggling against the cloud that had enveloped his life; he felt that he had lost grip of his work; he knew that his mental faculties were dimmed, and that he could no longer fulfil his duty as a



He sank into a chair, one elbow on the table.

parish priest. It was at the beginning of the second winter that Kersleven came. He was to bring an external interest into the Vicarage: in helping a sick man, Martin was to forget his own misfortune.

Everybody knew Kersleven's story, and it was comprehensible, perhaps, that the successful fraction of it should have obscured the failure, so that the melancholy appearance of its hero came upon the Vicar with a shock. Kersleven had been the man of science and naturalist in the *Elsbeth* expedition, which had been financed and commanded by his friend MacManus. The *Elsbeth* went North out of a ferment of public interest, to find new things and prove new theories. She never returned. In the end, there staggered into the depot of the relieving party the tottering, filthy wreck of Kersleven. He was the only survivor, and ten miles behind him, MacManus, his companion until the last day, lay dead beside the sledge which they had dragged together over the fields of ice. They had been true to their purpose, sticking to it with a heroism that surpassed belief: the two frost-bitten, starving wretches had brought their records and specimens to civilisation through incredible hardships. Without that devotion, MacManus would have lived. But he died—within a dozen hours of rescue, and Kersleven toiled in alone. He had almost given up hope; but he had not given up the records. He hugged them in his arms—a heavy burden for a man who could hardly drag himself along, and to whom finding help before his powers gave out was the one chance of life. He fell across the lintel of the hut, at the rescuers' feet. He came back to England, the hero of the hour; and Martin, in that disappointed glance across the table, saw the shadow of his sufferings drooping on his face.

He wondered if the man had been able to appreciate his success, or whether, like so many other human triumphs, it had turned to dust and ashes in his mouth. He was to go down to posterity as the discoverer of truths unknown or half-suspected hitherto. He was probably dying of these facts; but he had been able to convince the world of them, less by his mental than by superhuman bodily exertions. It was true that the price paid had been stupendous. But was this how catastrophe took a man who had faced it, deliberately, for an end subsequently accomplished? There was no dignity about him; least of all, the dignity of the martyr, in which he should have been able to cloak himself. He looked merely despicable; not more than ordinary humanity, but less. Yet he had sacrificed himself for an honourable purpose: it is given to few men to grasp heroic opportunity, and use it to the full.

"You will find Cliffhaven a pleasant place in winter, I think," Martin said, resuming a conversation that had preceded lunch. "You want quiet and warmth. We are very peaceful, and very sheltered; our December days are often as mild as April. Your literary work will be quite undisturbed, unless, possibly, the sound of the sea—"

"That is not likely to trouble me," Kersleven said. "Perfect retirement is necessary, of course. I have not much time left in which to work—and there is so much to do."

"You have already done a great deal," the Vicar said.

Kersleven laid his knife and fork together on his half-emptied plate with a petulant clatter. He picked up a tumbler of milk and drank it feverishly. Then he leaned across the table.

"You would greatly oblige me, Mr. Martin, by not speaking of the voyage of the *Elsbeth*," he said. "I suppose you are alluding to that. I have been driven half mad by the comments and the curiosity of people who see only that our miseries were not fruitless, and who have not the intelligence to realise the rest. I tell you, every thought of the expedition, from its start to its end, is horrible to me. I want to banish all memories of it." He shuddered. "Let it be. I am a tangle of nerves and disease now; I must not over-exert myself, you will remember. I must be very careful of my poor rag of health. For Heaven's sake, Mr. Martin, let the *Elsbeth* and her hecatomb of lives alone."

"I beg your pardon," Martin said, courteously averting his face while the young man struggled back into self-control. He was willing to give sympathy, but something prevented him from offering it. "I am sorry: I am like the others in being slow of perception. Now that I understand—"

"That will do about it: that is all right," Kersleven said impatiently. He had recovered himself again, and he was ungraciously irritable. "We will speak of something else, please. You say the place is very warm in winter? I can work out of doors then. They are sending me one of the Nordrach shelters to be put up in the garden."

"My wife and I sit frequently under the beech on the lawn during the cold months," the Vicar said, speaking, as he always spoke, of his wife as if she were still alive. Kersleven glanced up at him, and glanced down again indifferently. "It is sheltered there, and when the leaves have fallen we get all the sunshine that is to be had, without a cold breath. That will be the place for you."

"It is a pretty spot," Kersleven said. They spoke on trivial things until they rose from the table, and the Vicar had led the way to the study.

Kersleven filled his pipe, put his hands into his pockets, and began to drag himself about the room. While he had been seated he had displayed nervous movements of face and fingers; now he shifted from one foot to another, wandered from picture to picture in an uneasy restlessness. Finally he came to the window and paused there, drumming on the sill, looking out on the autumn landscape.

November was stealing very kindly upon the garden. In the still, hazy afternoon, when the sunshine streaked the turf and the shrubberies with a faintly smiling light, the Vicar's little domain looked cheery and restful. The dahlias were still untouched by frost; there were white and purple clouds of Michaelmas daisies in the borders. The lawn was softly green, smooth, and velvety, for it had been laid a long time, and much love and labour had gone to its perfection. A robin was singing near

the house: he had his little throat outstretched; his crimson breast was throbbing and swelling. And over all were the wonderful colours of the dying foliage—yellow, golden, russet, red. A slow rain of leaves dropped silently into the garden.

"This is a southern aspect," Kersleven said, peering at the scene. "My room, too—?"

"Oh, yes. I said that to you."

"I remember. . . Then, sitting under your beech-tree, there, facing—so, or looking out of my window, one would not feel—not see the north at all?"

"That is so. You would hardly know when the north wind was blowing."

"You might not. I should. I—I hate it. I am afraid, Vicar," Kersleven said hurriedly, "I am not going to be an amusing companion. I am a very sick man, for one thing, and, for another, I have vile fits of depression, and a change of wind or sky is quite enough to bring them on. I hardly know what I am doing at times."

"A good many people are more subject to atmospheric influences than they suspect," Martin said. He saw that the young man's eyes were burning, and he thought he read the signs of melancholia. This was indeed, as he said, a very sick man; and there was mental ill-health encased within the bodily.

"I suppose so," Kersleven said. A servant tapped at the door and he started, biting his nails and wincing. He threw himself into a chair and picked up a book, and the Vicar, his brows a little knitted, took his hat and left the room. His withdrawal from the more intimate practice of priestly ministration had paralysed his action in one vast field of service, and now and then knowledge of his default came upon him with a pang that pierced the fog of abstraction. It did so at this moment. He should have been able to diagnose the case at a glance, seeing wherein the bodily weakness fretted the soul, and laying salve to a mind palpably ill at ease. But his sight was dull; his fingers had fallen out of touch with healing; even while he groped after the man's trouble, the blight of his own descended upon him.

As he passed through the hall he saw that the drawing-room door was open. He looked in. The fire was burning brightly; the sofa was drawn up to it; the little work-basket and a new review were on a convenient table. He closed the door very softly, as if he were afraid of disturbing an afternoon sleeper, and stole out to the village.

II.

The shelter arrived after a few days, and Kersleven settled down to his task, sitting between dawn and dusk with his papers on a pitchpine board before him. In the intervals of work he came into the house for meals, or wandered, while daylight lasted, about the garden and the shore.

It was a soft and placid season, unmarked by stress of weather. November slid into December, and Christmas drew near, and still the frosts held back, and the cloudy, streaming days, and the north wind. The sea was green and translucent as an opal; the view from the Vicarage, looking towards the south, was as restful as the calm haven of the garden. The white and purple daisies went on blooming, until they overlapped the time of the chrysanthemums. The shrubbery dozed in the eye of the sun. Martin walked in it daily, treading the mazes of his mysterious consolation, with God knows what perfumed memory attending him.

Nevertheless, Kersleven's coming had roused him a little; and the twinge of compunction he had felt on his arrival had not been without effect. He perceived, as the weeks went on, though, with his purblind eyes, dimly, that the young man was hampered by mental anxieties not to be accounted for in the known story of his life. Regret for dead comrades, the shock of an overwhelming and terrible catastrophe—these things might explain much, but they did not compass all. When Martin came down in the morning with the black marks of exhaustion below his eyes, placed there in the grim vigils when his illusion deserted him, he saw that Kersleven, too, was scored by the same pencil. Even in the sunshine, when he walked in his imagined peace, he was startled when he came upon his guest, and saw in his face the misery he had lost the power of soothing. Once or twice, indeed, he stopped, and tried to struggle into sympathetic speech; and then Kersleven, with some fretful irrelevance, would dwindle to the egoist again, and the Vicar, his impulse checked, was overtaken once more by the mists of his borderland.

They drew nearer to each other in the evenings than at any other time, as if the shadow of the approaching night set them, perforce, groping towards a human distraction. A certain cohesion—it was hardly worth the name of friendship—began to manifest itself by the lamplight, that was not apparent at other hours. Martin's nightly custom was to smoke after dinner in the drawing-room, where were the sofa drawn near the fire, and the flowers, and the books upon the little table. There, pulling up an armchair to the blaze, he would sit, a hand upon the head of the couch, staring at the flicker of the flames. Kersleven, who did not understand, and had not troubled himself to understand, must still have suspected that there was more in this postprandial deliberation than met the eye, for he joined it reluctantly. But Martin's conscience, though stupefied, was alive; he refused to allow him to withdraw himself. The result, as has been said, was to kindle a gleam of fellowship; feeble enough, and yet something that faintly worked to counteract more sinister influences. They were educated men, and one was a scientific one: in the end they looked forward to the evening as a respite, a brief truce between the battles of night and day. In it, amidst the blue tobacco haze Kersleven lost much of his restlessness, and Martin peered through his mental twilight, feeling for the touch of the world behind the curtain of his preoccupations.

They were sitting together one night, when Kersleven plunged unexpectedly out of the silence which had followed the exhaustion of a topic. Throughout dinner and their

conversation he had eyed the Vicar, and jerked sarcasms at him; now he unmasked his batteries.

"Martin," he said, "do you believe that the dead can retain influence over the living?"

The Vicar started. He removed the pipe from his mouth, and cuddled it in a hand which was not quite steady.

"Yes; I do believe it," he said. "It is the consolation of my present life."

"Then what they say of you is true," Kersleven said. "I only heard it to-day."

"What do they say?"

"Oh, well!"—he avoided the Vicar's contemplation. "You know it, I daresay. That you are the victim of an absurd delusion. They say you think the gulf of the grave has been bridged for you—that for you a dead woman walks, and speaks, and defies the inexorable law. It is a hallucination, of course: the dead are—must be—immeasurably far removed from the living. They are nothing but a little dust, a flying memory: they are powerless, because they no longer exist. Do you hear me? Powerless, I say."

He said it with the sharp note of challenge in his voice. The Vicar did not answer.

"Well?" said Kersleven; "have you no retort? I like to be candid. They use plain words about you, Vicar. They call you mad. And so, in that particular, you are."

He whipped out the indictment savagely. He laughed—a little, high-pitched laugh. The newspaper was lying across his knees; and suddenly, with a spasmodic twitch of his hand, he tore a strip out of it and buried his fingers in it, and crumpled it into a ball.

Martin took no notice of the gesture; and the lash of the words passed him harmlessly by. He was held by his own thoughts, and if he noticed anything abnormal in Kersleven's method of attack, he baffled it by falling back upon his secret stronghold.

"Death is a metamorphosis, but it is not extinction," he said. "I am most reasonable when other men would have it that I am mad. For a purpose known to His Divine Omniscience, God Almighty removed my dear wife from her earthly habitation: she has been translated from her bodily likeness, but she has not been removed from communion with me. She lives with me as truly as when she stood beside me in the flesh."

"And do you think you and she are the two exceptions in a world that has seen millions of men and women die?" said Kersleven.

"God forbid!" the Vicar said reverently. "The dead surround us, outnumber us, yearn perpetually towards the friends that they have left. If I see more clearly than those around me it is because Providence knows that, without that seeing, I could not live; and my time is not yet."

"Do you see—others?" Kersleven said, in a low voice. Then loudly, and with an impatient movement, he covered the query. "It is all a trick of a crazy brain. You are mad—mad—mad!"

Martin, his head back in the chair, turned his face sideways to the fire. His eyes were upon an unseen object, but there was a wistfulness in his expression: it was the patient attention of an intelligence hampered by physical fetters. He saw nothing, heard nothing that proclaimed itself to Kersleven; but his attitude inferred the existence of a presence beyond their mutual horizon. If it eluded him, he was still held by it; if it were no more than a creation of the mind, he was able, nevertheless, to pay it visible tribute, the appreciation due from flesh to flesh, from one living, breathing being to another.

Kersleven set his mouth in an ugly contempt; his restless fingers picked and worried, and tore at the paper ball.

"I shall be dead myself presently," he said. "That will be the best opportunity, no doubt, for testing your theories. Shall I be visible at your fireside too, I wonder?"

He laughed unpleasantly.

"If I did not know she is with me, I could not live my life," the Vicar reiterated.

"Oh, but apply your idea to the common run of humanity. A little less saintliness on your part would make that a very inconvenient faith," Kersleven gibed. Then he changed his tone, flung his paper plaything away from him, and leaning forward, thrust his face close to the Vicar's.

"There are men to whom your delusion, if it were a thing they had to believe, would bring intolerable misery," he said. "If a man had betrayed another—ruined him or deserted him—left him to die, and robbed him in dying of the fruit of his labours, do you suppose he could bear to think as you do? Would it not be insufferable torment to him to know that the dead did not rest in their graves, with all wrongs and treacheries forgotten? Would he not go mad if such a thought—and such a presence—should bear him company? Good God, if he only faintly feared it—"

He sprang to his feet, losing his last words in an effort for breath. He dragged at his collar and unloosened it; for the moment he had to rally all his energies to withstand the onslaught of bodily weakness. Martin, too, rose, regarding him with troubled eyes. He was dazed by the bitterness which Kersleven had concentrated in an attack upon the one thing, to his clouded brain, secure and unassailable.

"Do not let us argue the point," he said. "It is a futile exertion on our parts, and it is too great a strain for you to sustain. Oh, you are faint! Let me ring for water—a little brandy—"

He hurried to the bell. Kersleven stood upon the hearthrug, panting and rocking, a man labouring in the agony of suffocation. He made speech as Martin moved, and he motioned towards the window.

"Air!" he gasped.

The Vicar tugged at the curtains and threw open the casement, letting a cold breeze sweeten the room. Kersleven burst into a paroxysm of coughing. As it died away he sank into a chair, one elbow on the table, and wiped the sweat from his face.

(To be concluded next week)

THE BRITISH DOMINIONS BEYOND THE SEAS.—No IX.: THE GOLD COAST.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



R. Caton Woodville. 1903.

AN OFFICIAL OF THE GUINEA (ROYAL AFRICAN) COMPANY TREATY-MAKING ON THE GOLD COAST IN 1672.

The Gold Coast, now a British Colony and Protectorate, was first in the hands of the Portuguese and the Dutch, who, settling there in the days before England was the sea-going Power she now is, built forts and began a search for gold. In 1664, however, the English successfully attacked the Dutch defences, and four years later "the new five-pieces of gold, coined by the Guiny Company," were issued. In 1844 the jurisdiction of England on the Gold Coast was defined; and in 1851 and 1871 the purchase of the Danish forts and the Dutch forts and territory resulted in the increase of Great Britain's influence on the coast, as the Ashanti War of 1873-1874 resulted in the increase of her influence upon the interior.

THE METHOD OF PROTECTION AGAINST TORNADOS IN NORTH AMERICA.

DRAWN BY G. AMATO.



A FARMER AND HIS FAMILY SEEKING REFUGE IN A STORM-CELLAR.

The only effective shelter from a tornado is an underground chamber, which is attached to many farm-houses on the prairie

THE GREAT FIRE AT GLASGOW DOCKS: SCENES OF THE OUTBREAK.

DRAWINGS BY C. DE LACY FROM SKETCHES BY W. A. DONNELLY, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN GLASGOW.



THE BURNING OIL-YARD AND HARBOUR-SHEDS.

The conflagration, which broke out on the evening of February 18, spread over a space of seventy square yards. The fire began among stacks of wood in Mr. Stevens's yard, and the oil and fuel fires were soon flowing blazing towards the river. The height to which the flames rose was extraordinary.



THE SECOND OUTBREAK ON FEBRUARY 19: THE FIREMEN FIGHTING THE FLAMES IN STEVENS'S STORE.

AN ANNUAL COURT BATTLE IN GERMANY.

DRAWN BY EDWARD CUCUEL, OUF. SPECIAL ARTIS



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, FEB. 28, 1903, 112

THE KAISER AND HIS GUESTS AT A HARE DRIVE AT BUCKOWER FELDMARK, NEAR BERLIN.

About 500 soldiers are employed to drive the hares with clappers. The Kaiser, the Princes, and guests are posted behind shelter. The general public. This year 100 hares were shot.

THE WATERLOO CUP: SCENES AT THE ALTCAR MEETING.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT ALT CAR.



THE WINNER, COMPETITORS, AND SPECTATORS.

At the deciding course, run on February 20, the Waterloo Cup was won for Messrs. Fawcett by Father Flint. Mr. Pilkington's Paracelsus was only allowed the death.

ONE OF MR CHAMBERLAIN'S GREATEST PROBLEMS: THE NATIVE LABOUR QUESTION IN SOUTH AFRICA.



A GANG OF EIGHT HUNDRED NATIVES ARRIVING AT RESSANO GARCIA FROM GAZALAND AND SUKAMBANI, PORTUGUESE EAST AFRICA.

NATIVE "BOYS" FILING TO THE DOCTOR FOR VACCINATION.

THE NATIVES ON THE TRAIN, AS SEEN FROM THE GUARD'S VAN.

"BOYS" FILLING THEIR WATER-BOTTLES AT A STATION.

THE GANG ASSEMBLING OUTSIDE THE COMPOUND OF THE WITWATERSRAND NATIVE LABOUR ASSOCIATION.

NATIVES MARCHING PAST THE DOCTOR IN THE COMPOUND OF THE WITWATERSRAND NATIVE LABOUR ASSOCIATION AT RESSANO GARCIA.

A GANG OF EIGHT HUNDRED AND FIFTY "BOYS" EN ROUTE FOR JOHANNESBURG.

NATIVES WAITING TO RECEIVE BLANKETS.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S SOUTH AFRICAN TOUR: SCENES AT LICHTENBURG AND KIMBERLEY.



THE ARRIVAL OF MR. AND MRS. CHAMBERLAIN AT LICHTENBURG, JANUARY 25.



MR. CHAMBERLAIN INSPECTING THE SOUTH AFRICAN CONSTABULARY GUARD OF HONOUR AT LICHTENBURG.



MR. CHAMBERLAIN AT KIMBERLEY: THE COLONIAL SECRETARY AND THE MAYOR ENTERING THE TOWN HALL FOR THE PRESENTATION OF ADDRESSES.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HANCON, KIMBERLEY.

The Lichtenburg scenes are the first we have published of Mr. Chamberlain's trek. Mrs. Chamberlain was the only lady who accompanied the party on this portion of the journey. The last stage before Lichtenburg was thirty-six miles. In the arrival and inspection photographs, General Baden-Powell appears. The party left Lichtenburg in a wagonette drawn by six mules, belonging to the Repatriation Department. Our photographs are (except where otherwise specified) by Mr. P. B. C. Walch.



THE DEPARTURE OF MR. AND MRS. CHAMBERLAIN FROM LICHTENBURG, JANUARY 26.



MR. CHAMBERLAIN PROCEEDING ALONG DUTOITSPAN ROAD TO KIMBERLEY TOWN HALL.

Photo, Hancox.



THE REPRESSION OF REBELLION IN MOROCCO: "A VICTOR."

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

A recent message from Kaid MacLean, at Fez, states that he considers the insurrection entirely crushed. The Sultan is said to be determined to continue his progressive policy.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

As We Are and As We May Be. By Sir Walter Besant. (London: Chatto and Windus. 6s.)
A Castle in Spain. By Bernard Capes. (London: Smith, Elder. 6s.)
The Squireen. By Shan F. Bullock. (London: Methuen. 6s.)
Volcanic Studies. Tempest Anderson, M.D., etc. (London: Murray. 21s.)
The Light Behind. By Mrs. Wilfrid Ward. (London: John Lane. 6s.)
The Magic of To-Morrow. By Cyril Seymour. (London: Chatto and Windus. 6s.)
Memories of a Hundred Years. By Edward Everett Hale. Two vols. (New York: Macmillan. 21s.)

Volumes of the collected papers of well-known writers published posthumously are so often grievously disappointing by reason of the compiler's lack of discrimination that it is doubly pleasant to find that the essays of the late Sir Walter Besant, now reissued under

close and secret, he waits through all these years the summons to return and claim his own." Holding a nominal commission in the army under Sir Arthur Wellesley, afterwards Duke of Wellington, Robin Lois seeks the castle in Spain in which, in defiance of tradition, Mr. Capes has placed the courtesy-King Louis XVII., only to discover that he serves not the monarch of his dreams, but a youth "helpless, childish, capable of cruelty," a "poor, stranded derelict with the shattered lily on its front," the very mockery of a King, who dies a few days afterwards. The characters figuring in the romance—more especially Robin, the imperious and intriguing Lady Lois, the despicable Sir Allan, the treacherous de Vaux, and Ninon Broussier, who provides the chief love-interest—are portrayed with equal skill and discrimination.

The Irish novel is now almost as familiar as the Scottish in its wild manifestations of dialect and character. In "The Squireen," however, Mr. Shan F. Bullock has produced something that may fairly claim to stand by itself, for his Ulster folk speak a dialect that is very little distorted, and their doings are so matter-of-fact, so far removed from the dreamy impracticability of Mr. Yeats's school, that we imagine the Celtic "movement" can have little to say to it. Doubtless, the Lowland Scottish origin of many Ulstermen explains this manifestation. It may also explain the cruelty and callousness of the matchmaking scene (an episode that, for sheer unloveliness, might have occurred in Barbie) wherein Jane Fallon is sold to the Squireen. That dashing farmer of the better class, Martin Hynes, is at the moment almost ruined by his extravagance, and to save his patrimony he resolves to desert the woman he loves and marry for money. The cold-blooded scoundrelism of his action is only equalled by the pusillanimity with which he implores the forsaken girl to love him still, and it says much for the author that, in spite of this, the story keeps our interest and, in a measure, our sympathy. Hynes's marriage is ultimately a failure, but it is curious to reflect what the Squireen's life might not have been had Jane's child lived. For the wife, who really loved Martin and forgave the way he bargained for her, won him at first to a better life, and only lost her hold on him when she wrapt herself in stony grief for the infant. Mr. Bullock has written a story of remarkable light and shade, but with a puzzling complexity of motives.

Dr. Tempest Anderson, in his preface to "Volcanic Studies in Many Lands," admits that he was led to the study of vulcanology because there are few branches of science which still remain available for the amateur of limited leisure. The result is embodied in the present volume, which is chiefly valuable as a pictorial record. The photographs, which form a really remarkable collection, were taken by the author in Italy, in the Lipari Islands, in Auvergne, the Grand Canary, Teneriffe, Iceland, Ireland, America, and the West Indies, and they exhibit, with an admirable blending of scientific accuracy and picturesqueness, volcanic phenomena, active and quiescent. With regard to the attainment of this result, Dr. Anderson says, in a note which his pictures seem to justify, that it is the man behind the camera rather than the machine that is the author of the work. Of the two examples of volcanic structure in Iceland which we are permitted to reproduce, one is of an echoing cliff composed of "necks" representing old volcanic chimneys. The other portrays a *gfá* (pronounced geow), or chasm, which is very typical in Icelandic volcanic structures. In the lava-fields of the Reykjanes Peninsula many of these chasms occur, and they appear to be formed by the escape of liquid lava from below a crust.

In reading "The Light Behind" we have been reminded not once, but many times, of the writings of John Oliver Hobbes—only, in the work of Mrs. Wilfrid Ward the religious element is stronger and more impressive, and there is less of epigram and sparkle, although, in these latter qualities the book is by no means wanting. The light behind is, we take it, the light of conscience, illumined by religion. Says Mr. Biddulph, addressing the hero, a young man with aspirations, who is about to embark on a political career, "Perhaps I know better than a priest would the thickening effect of this London Society; would it, in your individual case, be possible to do all this without dimming the light without which we are all in darkness?" But upon Henry Dacre, who is religious, artistic, and

susceptible, the warning is thrown away, principally because he always looks for a safeguard outside himself. To Anne Massingham, his fiancée, he clings, while she permits it, as a child might to its natural protector; but Anne, who is perhaps the finest study in this story, has a higher ideal of love, and cannot take less than the best. The unhappy Lady Cheriton, whose character is very skilfully delineated, attracts him powerfully, if unconsciously; but she, too, is among the followers of "the light behind," and the ending is not the hackneyed ending of the ordinary latter-day novel. We commend this book on many counts, and not least because, although it is made evident that the matrimonial differences of the Cheritons are of a particularly sordid nature, there is not a word or a line which can be said to be an affront to good taste. The writer has a fine feeling for religion and much insight, and many of her utterances are well worth repeating did space permit.

We incline to the opinion that Mr. Cyril Seymour may learn to write some day, if only he be willing to eschew sensation, to turn from the well-beaten path of criminal mystery, and to devote himself to the study of things as they are. For the opening chapter of "The Magic of To-Morrow" promises well, and the writer gives some evidence of his quality; but with the close of the chapter and the appearance on the scene of Azrael Deville—most fitly named!—things alter for the worse. To be frank, Azrael is a most unpleasant person, who, professing himself able to foretell future events, deals in drugs and drams, and does not stop at murder in cold blood. His confederate—Benson Gould, who is "something on the Stock Exchange"—is but little better; while the very ordinary young woman with the cameo-like beauty, and her still more ordinary lover, are altogether too puppet-like and ineffectual to serve the purpose which was doubtless in the writer's mind—that of relieving the story of its sordidness. The plot is incredibly foolish, and the magic no more than a name; but, for all that, we have hopes for Mr. Seymour.

Dr. Everett Hale is one of the veterans of American literature, and he comes of a stock which contributed famously to the making of his nation. In reading his vivacious pages it is quite easy to believe that he was himself a Revolutionary hero, especially when he chronicles the very small beer of American politics after the death of Washington down to the Presidency of Andrew Jackson. No English writer would venture to speak as disrespectfully as Dr. Hale does of Thomas Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Pierce, Buchanan, and other ineffectual persons who carried on the government of the Republic. Dr. Hale dismisses them with contempt, especially Jefferson, who is disdainfully contrasted with Robert Livingston, the American Minister in Paris, to whom Napoleon sold for fifteen million dollars the enormous territory called Louisiana, nearly half of the present domain under the Stars and Stripes. Livingston made the bargain without consulting Jefferson, who would certainly have refused it. Madison is dragged out of oblivion by Dr. Hale as the President who made a ridiculous war with England in 1812, and who, when he was Secretary of State, pronounced this remarkable opinion on the character of his countrymen: "People in Europe suppose us to be merchants occupied exclusively with pepper and ginger. They are much deceived, and I hope we



ONE OF THE ICELANDIC HILJÖÐARLETTAR (ECHOING CLIFFS).

Reproduced from "Volcanic Studies," by permission of Mr. John Murray.

the title of "As We Are and As We May Be." are thoroughly worthy and representative. In them we see the novelist both as antiquary and as social reformer. For pure entertainment, we confess that we like him better as antiquary; but his tenets as social reformer are those not only of a man with intimate knowledge of his subject, but of a thinking man, and as such they call for the most careful consideration. The good of the community was always something infinitely more than a phrase to Besant. He was not a believer in that philanthropy which has the desire for notoriety as its basis: the highest form of charity was to him the charity that entails personal sacrifice, and his essays reflect the spirit which dominated him. They represent, as the anonymous author of the "Foreword" points out, the creed of a practical philanthropist; and, written in a direct style markedly devoid of phrase-making and without the poetry of Lamb or Washington Irving, their truths are the more pointed for the simplicity of their setting. The general reader will doubtless derive most enjoyment from those articles which bear directly upon the People's Palace, the immediate outcome of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men"; but there is much matter that demands the close attention of those concerned with the education of the masses, more especially at the moment when, for the first time for some thirteen years, there is a falling off in the number of students attending the Evening Continuation Schools. Time has seen the realisation of some of Sir Walter Besant's hopes, but there are others that might well bear fruit.

With something of the same atmosphere, "A Castle in Spain" lacks the flamboyancy of style, the clash of steel and clatter of hoofs, to which Dumas's Musketeer series of stories owe at once their romance and their immortality. A knight half-panoplied, the step-child instead of the child of mediævalism, is of scarcely greater value pictorially than the knight of the chessboard, and so it is that the interest in Robin Lois flickers when it should burn steadily. His mission is romantic enough, but his methods and his surroundings fail to provide the stimulus that must be ever present if the attention is to be retained. Not even the spirit of political and social intrigue which pervades his story can make it more than romance-and-water; mystery is there in abundance, but it is for too long seemingly without method to retain its effectiveness. Robin Lois, in company with Lady Lois' other son, Sir Allan, is systematically educated for the fulfilment of what his mother deems a great destiny. Eventually he learns what the destiny is. The mother explains the cherished mission to her sons: "It is to fetch our King and convey him secretly to England—to Loiscourt," she said. . . . "the son of the royal martyr—Louis—said falsely to have been done to death in the Temple. . . . He did not die. Do you understand? *He did not die.* At the last moment, in all that nation of wolves, two human hearts were found. These men, Laurent and Gomier, commissaries of the Red, had replaced the fiend Simon. Perhaps they were fathers themselves—perhaps self-interest was allowed to influence their actions. In any case, they substituted a child of the people—a little smitten and dying idiot of the faubourgs—for their sacred charge, whom they succeeded in smuggling out of France. And in exile,



A LAVA CHASM IN ICELAND.

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shall prove it. The immense majority of our citizens do not belong to this class, and are, as much as Europeans, controlled by principles of honour and dignity. I never knew what trade was; the President is as much a stranger to it as I." After Livingston, the greatest American in the early part of the nineteenth century was Fulton, who invented the steam-boat, or was, at any rate, one of the first engineers to apply steam to navigation. He exhibited a model of his boat in Paris in 1803, and, but for an accident, might have persuaded Napoleon to adopt it for the purpose of conveying his troops over the Channel. The boat made its appearance on the Seine, but the weight of the engines sent it to the bottom, and Napoleon lost interest in the invention. Dr. Hale thinks this was lucky for England. About this time Eli Whitney invented the cotton-gin, and Dr. Hale adds him to the gallery of non-political Americans who were the true founders of the national prosperity.



JAMES I. STANDING SALT-CELLAR.
£1150.



SÈVRES BISCUIT FIGURE,
"LA SURPRISE,"—2100 GUINEAS,
WITH COMPANION.



SÈVRES BISCUIT FIGURE;
"LA BAIGNEUSE,"—2100 GUINEAS,
WITH COMPANION.



THE WEST MALLING JUG.
£1522 10s.



CHINESE PORCELAIN VASE, KHANG-HE DYNASTY.—630 GUINEAS,
WITH COMPANION.

THE West Malling Elizabethan jug is of Fulham Delft or stoneware, in the style of the old Chinese. It is mounted with a neck-band, handle-mount, body-straps, and foot and cover of silver-gilt, and bears the hall-mark of 1581. The James I. standing salt-cellar is entirely gilt, and was made in 1613. "La Surprise" and "La Baigneuse" are each about 14 in. high, upon gros-bleu, white and gold fluted column plinths, mounted with ormolu. The Louis XVI. commode is 40 in. wide and is stamped "H. Riesener." The pair of old Chinese vases, of which we illustrate one, are 17½ in. high and are contemporary with the Khang-He dynasty. Other particulars will be found on "Our Illustrations" page.



LOUIS XVI. PARQUETERIE COMMODE, BY H. RIESENER.
680 GUINEAS.

RECENT INTERESTING ART SALES: SOME REMARKABLE EXAMPLES AND PRICES.



THE SOMALILAND EXPEDITION: MAJOR RICKETT'S HOSPITAL CAMEL-LITTER FOR SICK AND WOUNDED.



THE SOMALILAND EXPEDITION: A CAMEL WITH THE LITTER KNEELING TO RECEIVE THE WOUNDED.



Photo, Loft.

A STONE COFFIN, WITH THE REMAINS OF A MAN AND A WOMAN,
DISCOVERED AT TEMPLE NEWSAM, LEEDS.



Photo, Spencer House.

THE INTER-UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE: PRACTICE AT CAMBRIDGE.
This photograph was taken just before the Light Blues left the home waters for Ely.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

An announcement appearing recently in the papers informed the world that the American system of "quick lunches" is to be introduced into this country. Following upon this announcement comes a medical warning that quick lunches are not to be encouraged from a health point of view. It is argued that eating is a serious business, regarded from the hygienic standpoint, that it is a matter demanding time and attention, and that the practice of gobbling our food is one inconsistent with the ideal method of renewing our commissariat arrangements. Therefore it is that the quick lunch is to be tabooed as an unphysiological measure which, if persisted in, may increase the emoluments of our doctors. I confess to possessing only a generalised idea of the American quick lunch. I presume it is what its name implies it to be—a case of eating a snack, as we familiarly call it, hurriedly, "all the people standing." If I consume a sandwich in a restaurant, and contrive to end that humble meal (including some liquid, no doubt) in a short space of time, I may be regarded as a quick luncher without question.

What has been added to this idea is the American practice of providing a very large variety of snacks for the people who have no time to waste over their mid-day refectation. Here again I can see nothing very far wrong with the innovation. Indeed, assuming I am correct in my suppositions, if any movement will tend to dissipate the awful monotony of the ordinary restaurant fare, it will confer a real boon upon suffering humanity. I mean suffering, of course, in the sense that it is rarely we can get anything new or attractive or appetising to eat in the way of the modest lunch. Observe the counter of an ordinary refreshment-room, railway or otherwise. Hard-boiled eggs, slices of ham, a sardine or two, half a pie (the section of which is often appalling as to the variety of its constituents), and that is all. Beyond this vista lies the bun, that terrible article which appears to me often to assume geological characters (as to age and texture), causing one to wonder who are the consumers of this delicacy. I think one may fairly describe the ordinary "snack"-restaurant stock in the language of the song: "Same old story; nothing new!"

Suppose a new era of things is inaugurated, and the evolution of the light lunch becomes a thing of reality, we can see how we all may benefit by the change. The ingenious restaurateur, consulting with his chef, will invent new dishes. Without developing epicurean tastes, we shall enjoy some additions to the ham and bun menu, and if appetite thereby be stimulated, good digestion is likely to wait upon it and to follow it. That there is great room and need for improvement here nobody with any experience of life will deny. In truth, we might extend the argument further afield, and say that as a nation we are terribly insular in the matter of our feeding arrangements. The variation of our diet, physiologically considered, is a much more important matter than some of us might suppose. It is all directed towards the preservation of health, through the development of a healthy appetite. Here it is not a case of quantity so much as one of quality, and the secret of the whole matter is the demand which should be made, and has been formulated, for the better development of the culinary art in our midst.

I think also of the economic side of things here. The common notion that good cooking, evolving appetising meals for us, is of necessity expensive cooking, is entirely erroneous. The skilful cook is far more economical than the unskilful hand. He gathers up the fragments literally, and loses little or nothing. The fragments are unconsidered trifles in the eye of the untrained or careless preparer of our diet. We see this excellently, but unfortunately, illustrated in the dietetic arrangements of the masses. That there is terrible and disgraceful waste of food among the working classes is a statement which will be supported by all who are familiar with their household arrangements. Plenty of food may be brought into the house, but through want of knowledge and care in its preparation, it is not properly utilised. Much of it is wasted, and is then thrown away. A French peasant woman could give points and points to many a British wife in respect of economical and satisfying cookery. We are apt to sneer at what some of us call "foreign kickshaws," but we enjoy them all the same when we sojourn abroad, and taste the fare of our foreign friends. A glance at a restaurant abroad where decent fare is provided will fully confirm this opinion.

The remedy for what I can only call this national waste of food is the instruction of all girls in the art of cookery and in domestic hygiene at large. Some School Boards have done a great deal in this direction, but we desire a national uprising which shall demand that such instruction should be universal in its character. The practical side of the question is seen when we think of the average working-class (or even middle-class) girl entering upon married life, and assuming the duties of the mistress of the home. If her training has not included instruction in food-preparation, it is obvious that one of the most important phases of social life will be apt to prove a failure. I have argued long that the cause of temperance would be benefited greatly by better food-preparation. It is your hungry, badly fed man for whom the public-house has most attraction. The craving for alcohol is apt to be stronger in him than in his well-fed neighbour, and naturally so, because he has a void to fill, and alcohol stops the craving temporarily. If also the publican of the future is to adopt the rôle of the restaurateur, there may also be found in this development an encouragement, not to abstinence it may be, but to that moderation in all things which the Apostle himself extolled as a high virtue. There is much truth in the old lady's saying that to ensure a happy husband a woman should "feed the brute."

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.

E W LEWIS (Cripplegate, E.C.).—No, it is not true. Some famous chess-players have done so, but so have poets and musicians, and it is no more right to blame chess in the one case than poetry and music in the other. We cannot reply by post.

J P TAYLOR (Burnside).—Your problem is overdue, but we expect to publish it very shortly. Kindly send the new problem when ready.

W FINLAYSON (Bridge of Allen).—Your remaining problem is not forgotten, but we have got somewhat in arrears in order of publication.

C W (Sunbury).—The problem is sound, and we shall have pleasure in publishing it.

FIDELITAS.—Your new problem shall be examined and reported upon later.

HENRY WHITTEN.—Thanks for problems, which we will examine, and select what we think to be the better position.

A W MONGREDIEN.—Quite sound and very good. It shall appear in its turn.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3063 received from Emile Frau (Lyons); of No. 3065 from Fidelitas and Emile Frau (Lyons); of No. 3066 from G T Hughes (Dublin), Fidelitas, and F J Candy (Tunbridge Wells); of No. 3067 from Hereward, A G (Pancsova), H Le Jeune, F J Candy (Tunbridge Wells), Basil Tree (Camberwell), Rev. C R Sowell (St. Austell), S S Summers (Gloucester), James W North (Bideford), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), and G Lill (Gringley-on-Hill).

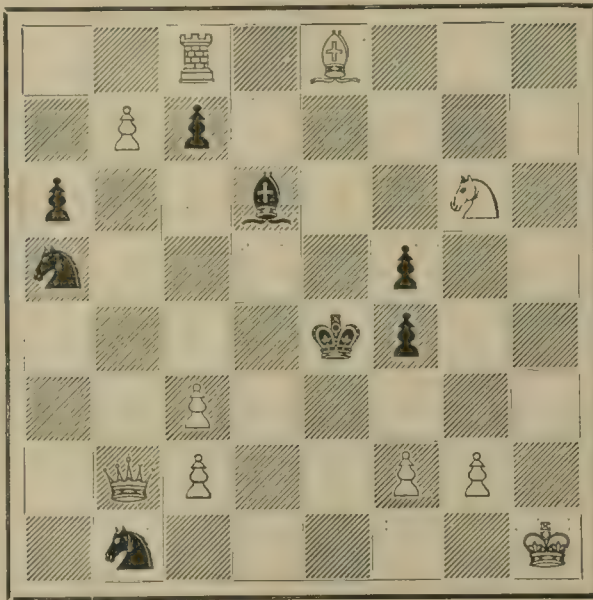
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3068 received from Lieutenant-Colonel P J Damania, F J S (Hampstead), Henry W Madsen (Portobello), Rev. A Mays (Bedford), Hereward, G T Hughes (Dublin), J Paul Taylor, Thomas Hancock (Clee Hill), N C Fischer (Edinburgh), Captain Barnes, G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), Shadforth, E J Winter-Wood, J W (Campsie), Charles Burnett, R Worters (Canterbury), Sorrento, J F Moon, Thomas Charlton (Clapham Park), Martin F, W D Easton (Sunderland), T Roberts, G C B, Joseph Cook, James W North (Bideford), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Thomas Henderson (Leeds), George H Kelland (Jersey), Edith Corser (Reigate), H Layton, H S Brandreth (Rome), Albert Wolff (Putney), Reginald Gordon, and W A Lillico (Edinburgh).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3067.—By F. HEALEY.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. P to R 4th P to Q 6th
2. Q to R 3rd K moves
3. Q to K 3rd, Mate.

PROBLEM No. 3070.—By FIDELITAS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.

Game played between Messrs. H. HELMS (Brooklyn) and A. W. OVERTON (Leeds).

(Queen's Pawn Game.)

WHITE (Mr. H.)	BLACK (Mr. O.)	WHITE (Mr. H.)	BLACK (Mr. O.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	12. B takes Kt	P to Q 3rd
2. P to K 3rd	P to K 3rd	13. B to Q 2nd	R to B sq
3. B to Q 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	14. Q R to Q sq	Q to Kt 3rd
4. P to K B 4th	Kt to B 3rd	15. P to Q B 4th	Q to Q sq
P to Q B 4th may be played with advantage before the Queen's Knight is moved.			
5. P to B 3rd		16. B to B 3rd	R to Kt sq
White by this prevents Black's threatened Kt to Q Kt 5th, followed by the exchange of that Knight for the White King's Bishop. The opening at this point presents a fair example of the "stonewall" game, and it needs some energy to break down the defences on either side.			
6. Q to B 3rd	B to Q 3rd	17. B to B 2nd	R to K sq
7. Kt to Q 2nd	Castles	18. Kt to Kt 3rd	Kt to B 4th
White goes on developing, and adopts sound tactics all through.			
8. Kt to K 2nd	R to K sq	19. Kt to K 4th	B to B 2nd
9. Castles	P to Q R 3rd	20. P to K Kt 4th	Kt to Q 3rd
10. P to K 4th	P to K 2nd	21. P to Kt 5th	Kt takes Kt
It has often been stated by excellent authorities that the first to play P to K 4th in the Queen's Pawn game usually gains an advantage.			
11. Kt takes P	P takes P	22. B takes Kt	P to K Kt 3rd
	Kt takes Kt	23. P to K R 4th	Q to K 2nd
		24. P to R 5th	R to B sq
		25. R to Q 2nd	B to Q 2nd
		26. R to R 2nd	B to Q sq
		27. Q to Kt 3rd	R to B sq
		28. K to Kt 2nd	B to Kt sq
		29. R (B sq) to K	
		30. P takes P (en pass.)	P to K B 4th
		31. P takes P	Q takes P
		32. P takes P (ch)	B takes B P
		33. R to K B sq	K to R sq
			Resigns

CHESS IN AUSTRALIA.

Game played in the telegraphic match between Messrs. H. W. APPLEBY (N.S.W.) and W. H. JONAS (Queensland).

(Petroff Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. A.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)	WHITE (Mr. A.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	18. B to B 4th	K R to K sq
2. Kt to K B 3rd	P to K B 3rd	19. Q to Q 3rd	B takes Kt
3. P to Q 4th	P takes P	20. B takes B	Q R to Q sq
4. P to K 5th	Kt to K 5th	21. Kt to Kt 5th	Q to Kt 3rd
5. Q to Q 3rd		22. Q to K 3rd	B to B sq
He might as well have played the usual Q takes P, especially as it is forced by his opponent's reply, which is a gain of time for Black.			
6. Q takes P	Kt to B 4th	23. R takes R	Kt takes R
7. Q to Q sq	Kt to B 3rd	24. Kt takes Kt	B takes Kt
Q to K B 4th or Q to K 3rd would appear more satisfactory. Black should have taken advantage of these weak moves.			
8. B to Q Kt 5th	P to Q 3rd	25. R to K sq	P to Q R 3rd
9. Q to K 2nd	Kt to K 2nd	26. Q to Q 4th	
10. Castles	B to K 2nd	Still threatening to win by R takes R, if Black ventures upon B takes B.	
11. Kt to B 3rd	Castles	27. Q takes Kt	Q to B 2nd
12. R to Q sq	Q to K sq	Good, and not very obvious. A piece is won, and all further defence is useless.	
13. P takes P	B takes P	28. B takes B	R takes Q
14. Kt to K 4th	B to K 2nd	29. R takes Q	Q takes B
15. P to Q Kt 3rd	P to B 4th	30. R to K sq	R to Q 8th (ch)
16. Kt to B 3rd	B to B 3rd	31. P to B 4th	R to Q 2nd
17. B to Kt 2nd	Q to B 2nd		Resigns.

THE PASSING OF THE YEOMAN.

Yet another generation—perhaps two—and the yeoman will have passed from the land. He has played a worthy part in the making of our history—equally sturdy in the cultivation of his fields and the defence of his country's flag; but Free Trade hit him very hard, and the competition of the towns for land-bred labour is completing his ruin. There is no plea for Protection behind this statement. Free Trade is the national policy, and is not criticised. We do not seek to feed the Briton with British products, and our statesmen tell us that in time of war no hostile fleet could establish an effective blockade and thereby starve us out. One notes that a body of Parliamentarians will shortly deal at length with this theory, holding it to be fallacious. If their view can be established, the present condition of rural England may receive from the Legislature some of the attention to which it is entitled, but nobody can suggest that the prospects are favourable.

Every year the area of cultivated land in these islands shows a diminution, the number of agricultural labourers employed shrinks steadily, and only sporting rents stand between many landowners and bankruptcy. A serious state of things in all conscience, to be followed inevitably by deterioration of the national physique; for life in towns is fatal to full growth and development, and the country, hitherto our recruiting-ground for the Government services and town labour alike, is being depleted of all save the less capable classes, whose children will not be able to serve as their fathers did even in the factories of the manufacturer. In common with most unpleasant truths, this sounds like an exaggeration; but confirmation is easily found. After a very exhaustive study of the conditions of life in twenty-seven counties, Mr. Rider Haggard has published the results of eight months' work in two comprehensive volumes ("Rural England," Longmans), and presents a picture that must give great pain to all lovers of the country. Here are no reckless statements. The author went through the land with open eyes and open notebook; all sorts and conditions of men poured out their complaints—noble landowners, large farmers, small farmers, labouring men. They agreed that the younger generation is leaving the land, that the cost of carriage and the foreign competition have reduced crops to a value that leaves only the barest living to the farmer, and forces the landlord who has no other resources to preserve game for *nouveaux riches* to shoot at, and keep the family seat in repair that his shooting tenants may rent it.

The remedies suggested for the present condition of rural England are worth consideration. Small holdings, decent cottages, clubs for the village lads on the lines of the admirable institution at Sandringham, founded by the King when he was Prince of Wales; Land Banks on the lines of the institutions that have been so successful on the Continent; the establishment of an Agricultural Parcel Post, to be conducted as cheaply as is consistent with the payment of expenses; a system of school in the winter and land work in the summer for the children—these are the suggestions that might, if properly carried out, restore a very large measure of prosperity to the land without interfering in any way with Free Trade. Small holdings have been a great success in the country, since all men will work harder for themselves than for a master, and the love of the land is a very powerful incentive to labour. The man who owns a small holding and a decent house can raise a large family in comparative security, and can add to his holding when the children are old enough to join in the labour on the land. It is acknowledged that the lack of adequate accommodation for the farm-labourers in many counties accounts in part for the anxiety of the younger generation to reach the towns. Another cause of the exodus is the lack of occupation and amusement. After his long week's service in the fields, the young farm-hand finds nothing to do. Church does not attract him; he cannot share with his elders such pleasure as belongs to the local inn; he has no books, papers, or games. Town, with its "bit o' life" on Saturday nights and a free Sunday, appeals irresistibly; he knows the wages are higher, and does not pause to consider that the cost of living is proportionately greater. The factory welcomes him, and he helps to supply the place of the less fortunate people who have been used up and cast aside.

Land Banks would serve to enable farmers to build the decent sanitary cottages so badly needed in most counties: in the present state of corn prices it is idle to suppose they can afford to build unaided. The Agricultural Parcel Post would enable the small farmer to send his produce to market cheaply and expeditiously, and to get some return, however small, for his crop. Some two years ago we remember passing an orchard eight or ten miles from a railway-station in East Anglia, and congratulating the farmer on the healthy appearance of the fruit crop. "Aye," he said bitterly, "wunnerful fine. An' they pigs will eat ut, fr' th' railway charges are more than all they fruit will fetch in th' town." This was literally true. What the farmer's housekeeper could not put in store or use for jam, went to fatten the pigs, because the railway would have charged more to take the produce to the nearest big town than the market-price of fruit would have yielded.

When Queen Victoria came to the throne, the agricultural districts were overcrowded. Since those days the factories, police service, army, navy, railway companies, and the rest have drained the land to exhaustion point; even the invention of labour-saving machinery has been unable to maintain the balance. The army of agricultural labourers has shrunk steadily, until to-day it is estimated at less than three-quarters of a million for England. Now people are beginning to realise that the land must be cultivated and that we must depend upon it for permanent stock of healthy men and women. The land problems before our statesmen are of supreme importance; they must be faced promptly and courageously.



THE ARABIAN RIDING-CAMEL OR DROMEDARY
(SEE "OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.")

THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE POPE'S ELECTION, FEBRUARY 20.



HIS HOLINESS POPE LEO XIII.

"Thou shalt not see the years of Peter" is an admonition addressed to every newly elected Pontiff, and the tradition has been broken only three times. Pius IX. reigned thirty-one years seven months and twenty-two days; Pius VI. just entered on the twenty-fifth year of his Pontificate; and the present occupant of the See of Peter, despite his great age, seems likely to postpone for a long time the necessity for the next Conclave.

A PICTURESQUE ITALIAN ECCLESIASTICAL FESTIVAL

DRAWN BY RICCARDO P. LEGRINI.



THE FESTIVAL OF THE WHITETHORN FLOWER ON THE LAGO DI LECCO: THE KNOCKING AT THE PRESBYTERY DOOR.

On the day of the Purification of the Virgin, a leading ecclesiastic of Mandello, followed by his subordinates, all bearing boughs of whitethorn, knocks at the door of the presbytery with three ceremonial knocks, and is received, together with his followers, by his immediate superior, who greets him and receives the offerings. The faithful then decorate the altars with the branches of ivory-white blossom, so that the church presents the appearance of a snow-covered wood.

LADIES' PAGES.

Friends who return from Monte Carlo give a wonderful account of the dresses that are worn there. People put on new gowns daily, and there is eager rivalry as to who shall look the best. Many of the visitors change their costumes three times a day, and everyone is smart from morning till night. "Everything to match" appears to be the ideal for morning wear. Gloves, gowns, sun-shades, and hats must be all the one colour, even the shoes being guided by the same rule. It is quite a common thing to see ladies walking about in grey, white, green, or pale-pink shoes made in kid or suede. This is not a very expensive luxury for a single gown, but when the toilette is different every day, and the etceteras are correct in every case, it means a large outlay of money, and a wardrobe of considerable dimensions. The toilettes worn at the Casino come under the heading of *fête-dresses*—a word for which we have no equivalent in English. These gowns are very elaborate in style, and are made of the lightest materials possible: net seems to be first favourite this year. In some airy gown and a hat of phenomenal size, my lady walks into "the rooms," and passes hours in the stifling atmosphere. But all unpleasantness is forgotten in the excitement of the game, as my lady proceeds to try the effect of one of those patent "systems" on which "the bank exists," as a croupier was once heard to remark. The shops are full of the most beautiful things—particularly pretty jewels—to tempt the winner who feels in a generous mood. Monte Carlo seems to be a dreadful place for quarrelling. Honeymoon couples are to be seen walking round the rooms on the day of their arrival looking simply wrapped up in one another, and then one never sees them together again. They both begin to play, and then they always quarrel when they lose. The restaurant dinners are a great feature. The pancakes there are cooked in the dining-hall under the eye of the intending consumer—tiny round pancakes, each in a little silver stewpan, tossed many times by the dexterous hand of the chef. A novel flavour is imparted to liqueur brandy by placing a tangerine orange at the top of the glass, boring a hole through the centre of the fruit, and setting fire to it. A quantity of flowers appear on the dinner-tables, but always seemingly arranged with the greatest carelessness. No vases or bowls are used; a mass of asparagus-fern is laid down the middle of the table, and the flowers are stuck into that. This variety of fern lives a long time without water, and the effect of so much foliage on the table is decidedly refreshing.

At Kensington Palace some pleasant parties are given occasionally, and visitors are always glad of an opportunity of rambling through the old oak corridors and quaintly built reception-rooms. Most of the rooms are small, for our ancestors seem not to have had much liking for vast apartments. Some of the



A CLOTH DRESS TRIMMED WITH VELVET AND LACE.

architectural features are very curious. A space like a window is often to be found between two reception-rooms, and this is very prettily treated by the modern occupant, who puts pots of flowering plants in this embrasure, first laying a piece of antique embroidery on the sill. The people who live in Kensington Palace do not care for a glare of light; gas and electricity are non-existent; the rooms are chiefly lit by wax candles, and it is considered better form to abjure the use of coloured shades. Windsor Castle used to be in the same condition not long since, but now it is a perfect blaze of electric light in the evening. The rooms in Kensington Palace are wonderfully picturesque, and the oak panelling has acquired a lovely colour with age. Peeps at old courtyards can be had from some of the windows, one of the most curious being still known as the Pump Court, because the water-supply of the whole Palace used to be pumped up there in bygone days. Princess Henry of Battenberg stays at Kensington Palace when in town, and Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyll) is also there. Near the Clock Tower are some quaint old suites of rooms inhabited by ladies of some importance who have received permission from the Sovereign to reside there. It was at the house of one of these ladies that I heard some beautiful music a few days since. Señor Guétary sang a tarantella—a miracle of fluent execution—and Mdlle. Janotha played the well-known Chopin tarantella in her inimitable style.

The production of Tolstoy's play at His Majesty's Theatre will help to bring Russian fashions yet more to the fore. Russian embroidery is already popular, and Cossack jewellery is rapidly coming into favour. The peasants of the Czar's dominions wear a number of silver ornaments to brighten up their sombre attire, including quaint clasps with imitation jewels in the centre. These clasps are often of the rudest workmanship, yet they are wonderfully effective with "a bit of blue" in the centre, or a gem which looks like a glittering green eye. Many ladies are wearing these barbaric ornaments at present, and they often look very smart when they supply just the right note of colour in a costume. They are sewn at the top of blouses, tea-gowns, or theatre-cloaks, or even fasten a dress-bodice from throat to waist. "Drop-rings" are also borrowed from our Russian cousins—gold keepers, set with a single precious stone which hangs down over the rings underneath. A great number of rings are worn on the finger by fashionable women just now, and a "drop-ring" is very useful.

Miss Lena Ashwell's pretty costume in "Resurrection" is likely to be copied in the spring. The costume is made in soft cream-coloured wool, with a short pleated skirt bordered with a band of red embroidery. The bodice is tight-fitting and embroidered all over with blue, and the wide sleeves are bordered with coarse woollen lace. The bodice is cut away in front, edged with lace, and filled in with a white muslin

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chemisette. There is a long apron covered with Russian embroidery, and the toilette is completed with a bright red bow in the hair.

The short skirt seems to have come to stay—the "trotteur" costume, as the Americans call it. One must own that there is something neat and pleasing about it when it is smartly worn, and it comes with a great air of novelty after having been out of fashion so long. If suitability is the secret of successful dressing, the short skirt ought never to have been abandoned for promenade wear, however much we may indulge our fancy for graceful garments indoors. I saw a pretty short skirt the other day: it was in grey faced cloth, and was worn with a Russian jacket of Persian lamb in exactly the same tone. The hat was in black chrysanthemum straw, with a long feather hanging down at one side. The feather at one side only is, however, no longer the very latest fashion. The modern *délégante* is not content unless she has a plume pendent at either side of her broad-brimmed hat; not an ostrich feather, but a fine fringe of "paradise," something which resembles an aigrette upside down. Another skirt made to reach only to the ankles was of that ever-useful material, navy-blue serge. A band of dark-red embroidery was placed down each side of the front, forming a tablier, while a couple of shaped flounces piped with red were placed round the edge of the skirt.

Mauve is the Queen's favourite colour, and she looks well in every shade of it, from the palest lilac to the darkest purple. Last summer her Majesty used to look a vision in pale heliotrope crepe, and this winter she has frequently worn a costume of violet velvet with toque to match, in company with sable wraps. At the opening of Parliament her Majesty was able to wear her favourite hue once more, and no one who saw her on this occasion will ever forget how beautiful she looked in her purple velvet robe, lined with ermine, her black dress serving as a background to her splendid jewels. Diamonds become the Queen to perfection, and she wore some coloured stones besides, which added to the brilliancy of the effect. One could not look at the rest of the procession as she entered the House of Lords by the side of the King, who gave his right hand to her, and led her in with slow and stately steps. Her Majesty has a peculiar faculty of rivetting all attention, and many who see her are afterwards quite unable to say who else was there at the time. The peeresses did not wear the coronets at the opening of Parliament. They all wore tiaras, but put them on with a difference. A little while since the only way to wear a tiara was to put it on like a crown, and this is far from a fashion to suit all faces. Complexions look jaded and eyes less bright when a crown of diamonds is placed on the forehead with nothing to soften

A NEW SPRING COAT OF WHITE CLOTH.

the edge, and ladies past their first youth were wont to look their worst when arrayed in all their best. The headgear worn at the opening of Parliament presented an object-lesson as to what to wear and what to avoid. Some of the tiaras were placed right at the back of the head, supported by a coil of hair twisted round in a picturesque style. Others had the hair dressed low, and wore the tiara coronet-fashion. The *coiffure à la Pompadour* made a firm foundation for the ornament in many cases, and when the hair was well puffed out at the sides it did a good deal to mitigate the unbecoming effect of so many diamonds worn in the daytime.

Many beautiful coiffure ornaments are worn at evening receptions by leading Society ladies, some of them very original in style. Lady Granby is the owner of a diamond net which looks beautiful over the hair. It is worn quite on the top of the head, with the hair gathered up in a knot. Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew prefers a broad band of diamonds to a tiara; and Lady Feo Sturt affects a fillet of coloured tulle caught down by diamond slides. Chains and pendants also allow scope for originality, such as the Countess of Annesley's rope of pearls with three diamond bees suspended from it, the bodies being formed of pear-shaped pearls, while the wings are of brilliants. The Marquise d'Hautpoul wears a long diamond chain caught up with a rosette of the same sparkling gems, which she fastens in the centre of the décolletage. This looks most effective on a low green velvet gown, with an aigrette of brilliants and emeralds in the hair. The sight of all these beautiful ornaments would be enough to make an ordinary woman envious, were it not that the Parisian Diamond Company comes to the rescue, providing ornaments that, both in brilliancy and beauty of design, are absolutely indistinguishable from the real thing. At any of this firm's establishments—143, Regent Street, 85, New Bond Street, and 37 and 43, Burlington Arcade—may be seen charming ornaments galore, from the simplest of little brooches to large and elaborate corsage decorations almost covering the entire front of the bodice. Such a quantity of jewels is necessary at present in order to secure a fashionable appearance in the daytime as well as in the evening that many ladies wear Parisian diamonds mixed with their own gems to heighten the effect, and none could tell which was the more expensive object.

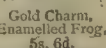
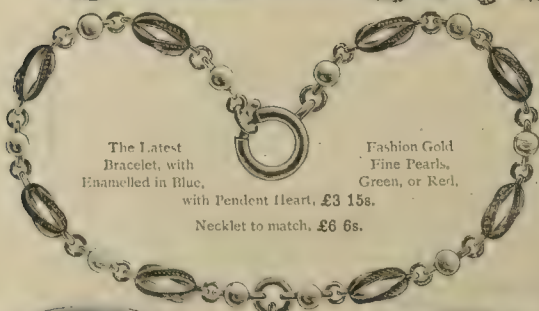
One of our Illustrations this week shows a fête-dress of smooth cloth in the new shade called "blotting-paper" pink. The bodice is ornamented with a deep lace collar, intersected by two rows of black velvet ribbon. The hat is made in rucked chiffon, and finished with a white osprey. The other Illustration is of a new spring coat in white cloth, trimmed with lace. The costume is completed by a turban-shaped hat, decorated by a couple of wings inserted in a novel fashion.

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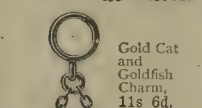
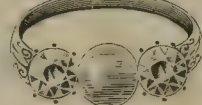
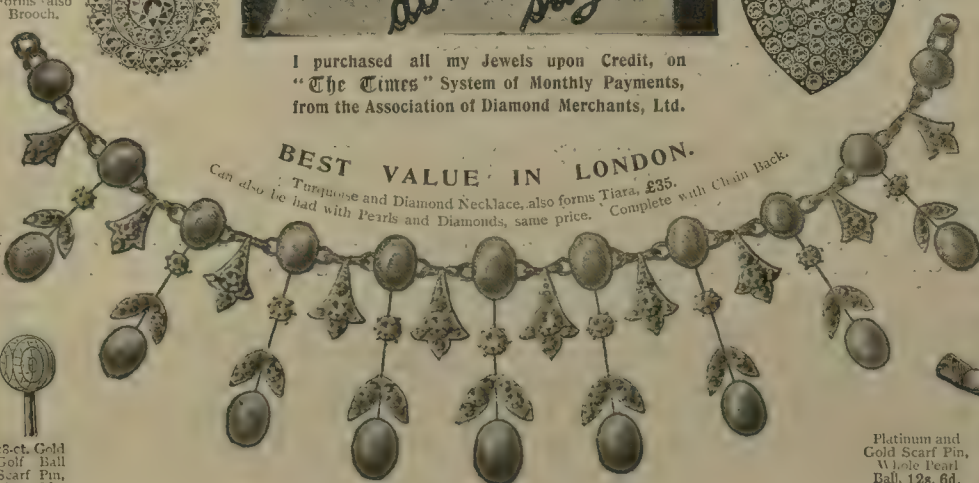
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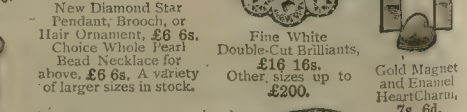
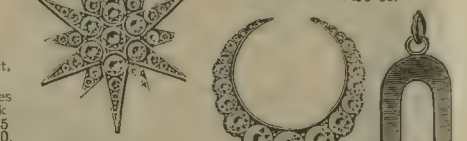
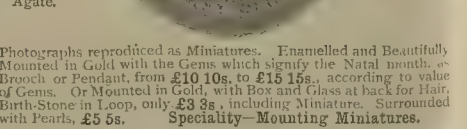
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MUSIC.

The most important musical event of the preceding week was the début of Miss Marie Hall, a violinist that is not extravagantly described as a twin-sister in her art of Kubelik. She has already had a great success in her public appearances in Prague and Vienna, but they were surpassed in London on Monday evening, Feb. 16, when the Queen's Hall Orchestra, led by Mr. Arthur Payne and conducted by Mr. Henry Wood, supported her. She is strangely like Herr Jan Kubelik in her quiet, unaffected, serious manner, and her method of treatment in the difficult programme she triumphantly executed. She chose for her first item the brilliant Concerto, scored for the violin and orchestra, of Paganini; and, secondly, the beautiful Violin Concerto of Tschaiikowsky. Her genius is so unexpected and startling for so young a girl that a second concert given by her is eagerly looked forward to.

An interesting concert will be given at the Queen's Hall by the celebrated Hallé Orchestra from Manchester on Monday evening, March 16, led by Dr. Hans Richter. This orchestra was gathered together by Sir Charles Hallé, and attained under his bâton a high pitch of excellence and a great reputation. At his death Dr. Cowen, among many other conductors, took his place, but Dr. Richter now is acknowledged to have brought the orchestra to an even greater proficiency. The programme is an interesting one, including the light music of Berlioz's symphony of "Roméo et Juliette" and Tschaiikowsky's "Francesca da Rimini."

Miss Louise Ormsby gave a charming vocal recital at the Bechstein Hall on Monday afternoon, Feb. 16, and sang some old songs of Cesti and Scarlatti and some modern ones of Schumann, Goring Thomas, and

Leroux. She was assisted by Signor Morelli, who gave some artistic violin solos of Boccherini—Chopin and the first movement of the Concerto in A minor of Davidoff.

The Catholic Choir Festival on Monday evening, Feb. 16, was admirably arranged under the conductor-

Pierpoint, with a rich full voice, sang the florid "Salutaris Hostia" of Rossini.

Another violinist of considerable promise was heard at the Steinway Hall on Feb. 2—Signor Tibaldi. He gave much pleasure in his rendering of "The Preilied," the purity and breadth of his tone being especially remarkable. In the second part of the programme he played the "Sarabande, Double, and Bourrée" of Bach, in which he showed an excellent technique.

A somewhat severe concert was given by Miss Edith Robinson on Thursday afternoon, Feb. 19, assisted by Mr. Donald Tovey. The selections for Miss Robinson's violin were from the seventeenth and eighteenth century, from composers who are but little known to the lay mind—Veracini, Nardini, Rode, Viotti, and Kreutzer. Beethoven's Fantasia, Op. 77, was eagerly welcomed.

The English Ladies' Orchestra gave a charity concert on Feb. 18 at 8.30, and played very creditably under the conductorship of Mr. Liddle. They played an overture of Schubert, a rondo of Dvorák, a symphony of Gade, and a suite in F by Dr. C. H. Parry, who conducted it himself. M. I. H.

For their new and magnificent hotel in Manchester, upon which up to now £436,000 has been spent, the Midland Railway Company have instructed Messrs. Orme and Sons, Limited, to supply six billiard-tables.

The Great Eastern Railway Company have issued their handy list of principal horse and cattle fairs, racing, steeplechase, and cricket fixtures, and angling information for 1903. We are informed that the demand for it has again been unprecedentedly large. Copies will be forwarded free to readers of this Journal on application to the Assistant-Superintendent of the Line.



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ship of Mr. Arthur Barclay, the musical director of the Brompton Oratory. The choir and orchestra gave an excellent rendering of "Lauda Sion" of Mendelssohn, and in the first part the clever pianist, Mdlle. Janotha, played the Polonaise in F sharp minor of Chopin, and "Gallia," a sacred motet of Gounod. Mr. Bantock

their handy list of principal horse and cattle fairs, racing, steeplechase, and cricket fixtures, and angling information for 1903. We are informed that the demand for it has again been unprecedentedly large. Copies will be forwarded free to readers of this Journal on application to the Assistant-Superintendent of the Line.

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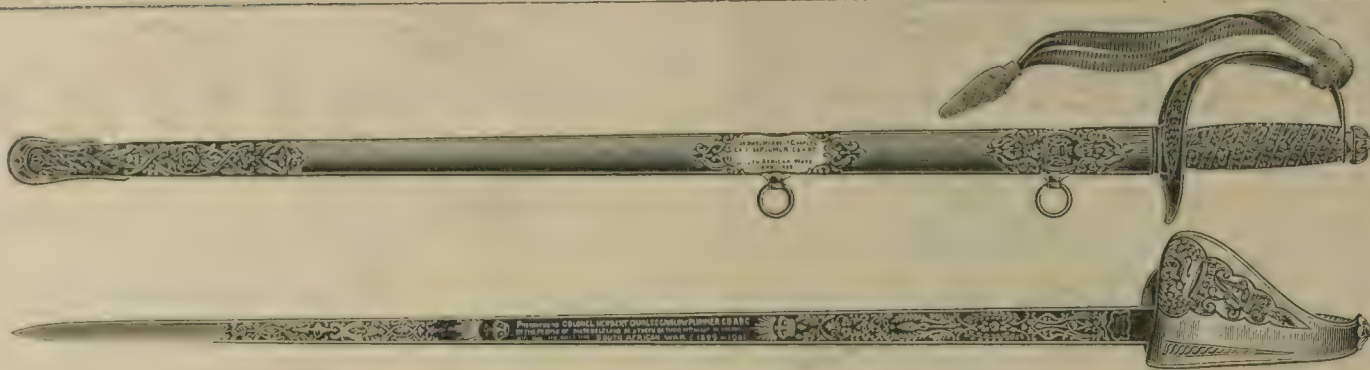


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WILLS AND BEQUESTS

The will (dated Oct. 1, 1892), with two codicils (dated July 2, 1894, and Dec. 23, 1901), of Mr. Thomas Davey, of Bannerleigh, Leigh Woods, Long Ashton, Somerset, tobacco merchant, who died on Dec. 17, has been proved by Mrs. Alice Mary Davey, the widow, Thomas Ruding Davey, the son, Richard Davey, the brother, and John Noble Coleman Pope, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £341,435. The testator gives £500, and his household furniture, etc., and during her widowhood the use and enjoyment of his residence and an annuity of £3000, or of £500 in the event of her remarriage, to his wife; and 10,000 ordinary shares in the Imperial Tobacco Company, in trust, for his son John Stanley.



THE RHODESIAN SWORD OF HONOUR FOR COLONEL PLUMER.

The magnificent gold sword of honour which has just been presented to Major-General Plumer, at the offices of the British South Africa Company, was subscribed for by the people of Rhodesia, in recognition of the General's services to the colony. It is wrought entirely of Rhodesian gold, enamelled and chased in beautiful fashion. The scabbard bears the names of the principal campaigns in which General Plumer has taken part, together with a suitable inscription, and the hilt bears the badge of the York and Lancaster Regiment, with which he was associated. The sword was designed and modelled by Mappin and Webb, Ltd., of Oxford Street, W., and Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

The residue of his property he leaves in equal shares to his children.

The will (dated June 23, 1897), with a codicil (dated Jan. 18, 1900), of Mr. G. Mellin, of Wickham Hall,

annum to each of his executors; and £1000 and his furniture and effects to his widow, for life. On her decease, the ultimate residue is to go to the children, and half the estate included in the settlement. The

West Wickham, Kent, the originator of the world-renowned food for infants; who died on Dec. 18, 1902, at Barmstedt, in Germany, has been proved by his executors, Mrs. Emily Mellin, the widow, Ernest C. Bliss, J. J. Pilley, and G. A. Maull. The value of the estate was sworn at £15,130. The settled property, which has to be aggregated with the deceased's estate, is estimated at £204,993, and the value of the deceased's property in Germany is declared not yet estimated. The testator gives £200 per

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Flat Flame Burner (No. 6) 2.15 " "

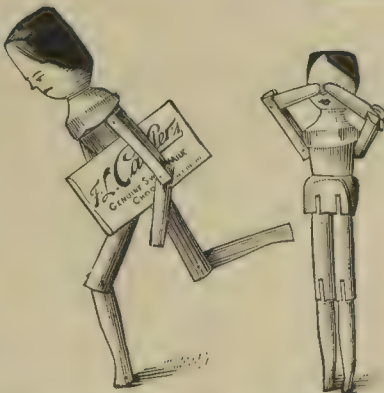
The Welsbach Light (Kern Burner and Welsbach Mantle) is the cheapest and most powerful for all purposes. See the Trade Mark AUR, on all Genuine Mantles.

Cailler's

GENUINE SWISS MILK

The best among Chocolates, has the largest sale of any—pleases all who try it—young as well as old.

Sold at your Confectioner's. In 1d., 2d., and 3d. Tablets, &c.



CHOCOLATE

This is evidence enough that the exquisite Cream and Chocolate flavour of CAILLER'S pleases the universe.

Sole Agents: ELLIS & Co., 20 Sir Thomas St., Liverpool, & 15 King St., Cheapside, E.C.

SPECIAL NEW WARE.

SOLID PURE (98/99%) NICKEL TABLE AND KITCHEN UTENSILS.

Nickel is the Cleanest and Purest Metal. Nothing to wear off, as in the case of ordinary plated goods. Everlasting Wear. Cooking Utensils our Great Speciality. Made either in Solid Nickel, or with a Copper Exterior (by Dr. FLEITMANN'S ROLLING PROCESS).

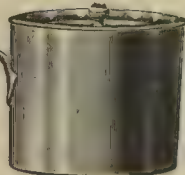
No Re-Tinning Ever Required.



Every article bears our Trade Mark.



To be Purchased of all Leading Stores and Ironmongers.



If any difficulty, write for Catalogue and Name of nearest Agent.

WESTPHALIAN NICKEL ROLLING MILLS,

(FLEITMANN, WITTE and CO.) 44, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

TO LADIES

All the most beautiful women use

CRÈME SIMON

M^{me} ADELINA PATTI says: « Have found it very good indeed ».

For restoring and beautifying the complexion it is unequalled. Chaps, Sunburn, Redness, Roughness disappear as if by magic.

SAVON & POUDRE SIMON

J. SIMON, 59, Faubourg St-Martin, Paris 10^e
Chemists, Hairdressers, Perfumers and Stores.
MERTENS, 64, Holborn Viaduct, E. C., LONDON

'DARTRING'



Wholesale: 67, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.

Fine Skin

is made finer, and bad is made better by

'DARTRING' LANOLINE

No imitation can bear the 'Dartring'. No imitation can be called 'Dartring'.

Demand the genuine

'DARTRING' TOILET 'LANOLINE'.

Collapsible tubes, 6d. and 1/-.

'DARTRING' LANOLINE' TOILET SOAP.

Tablets, 6d. Boxes, 1/6.

The CENTURY Thermal BATH CABINET



Is the only PORTABLE Bath Cabinet. Other makes are cumbersome wood sweat-boxes that absorb effete matter.

The heater supplied (whether for OUTSIDE or inside) is the most perfect of its kind, and insures absolute safety.

None who know of the improved features of the "Century" Cabinet buy the high-priced wooden sweat-boxes.

That the great merit of the "Century" Cabinet and the value to health of the hot air and vapour bath has been known, a special book has been prepared for Free circulation. It contains pictures, names, addresses, and correspondence from many eminent personages who are using the "Century" Cabinet with gratifying success.

This book can be secured absolutely Free by all who would know of the great value of the hot air and vapour bath in cases of Rheumatism and other diseases, and who would discriminate between the high-priced wooden sweat-boxes and a perfected portable hygienic cabinet—"THE CENTURY THERMAL."

Write to-day for Illustrated Catalogue No. 7, mentioning *The Illustrated London News*.

CENTURY THERMAL BATH CABINET, Ltd. (Dept. 7), 203, Regent St., London, W.

With a WATERMAN'S Ideal Fountain Pen

IN YOUR HAND,

you have the best writing implement, a pen which never gives in or gives out, which writes easily, fluently, and does not blot nor spurt. S. R. Crockett says it's the best fountain pen. Frankfort Moore wrote over two million words with one, and it was as good at the end as at the beginning. Bennet Burleigh took one to Omdurman, and it didn't dry up.

From 10/6, of Stationers, Jewellers, &c.

IN SILVER and GOLD for PRESENTATION.

L. & C. HARDTMUTH, 12, Golden Lane, LONDON, E.C.



The late Earl of Beaconsfield,

Sir Morell Mackenzie,

Oliver Wendell Holmes,

Miss Emily Faithful,

The late Gen. W. T. Sherman,

and many other persons of distinction have testified to the remarkable efficacy of

HIMROD'S CURE OF ASTHMA

Established over a quarter of a century.

Prescribed by the Medical Faculty throughout the world. It is used as an inhalation and without any after bad effects.

A Free Sample and detailed Testimonials free by post.

In Tins, 4s. 3d.

British Depot—45, Holborn Viaduct, London. Also of

Newbery & Sons, Barclay & Sons, J. Sanger & Son,

W. Edwards & Son, May, Roberts & Co., Butler & Crispe,

John Thompson, Liverpool, and all Wholesale Houses.

NEGRETTI & ZAMBRA'S

BAROMETERS & THERMOMETERS.

Accurate Thermometers for all Purposes.

FIG. 1.

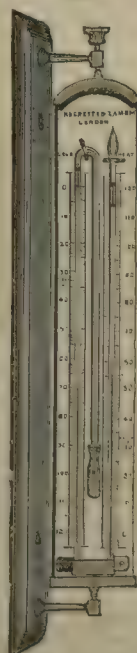


Fig. 1.—THE WINDOW BRACKET THERMOMETER, registering the extreme Heat and Cold, enabling the observer to read from Inside the House the Temperature Outside.

Price 25s., 42s., and 63s.

FIG. 2.



Fig. 2.—THE STABLE OR CELLAR THERMOMETER, well protected and very legible.

Price 7s. 6d.

Thermometers for Sitting and Bed Rooms, 1s. 6d. each. Registering Minimum Thermometers, 3s. 6d. each.

ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS FREE TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

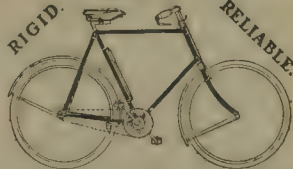
38, HOLBORN VIADUCT, E.C.
Branches—45, CORNHILL; 122, REGENT STREET.

MARVELLOUS VALUE.

£10-10-0

RALEIGH-GAZELLE.

RAPID.



Two Raleigh-Bowden rim brakes, ball-bearing frictionless free wheel, plated rims, non-rusting spokes, etc., etc.

Easy payments arranged.

The Book of the Raleigh, containing illustrated articles on Cycle Manufacture, the new Three-Speed Gear, Catalogue, &c. FREE from all Raleigh Agents; London Depot, 41, Holborn Viaduct; Bristol Depot, 83, Queen's Road; or by post from Raleigh Cycle Co. Ltd., Nottingham.

late Mr. Mellin settled the greater portion of his estate during his lifetime, and contributed generously to many charities both at home and abroad. Not the least of these gifts was his contribution of £50,000 to King Edward's Hospital Fund.

The will of Mr. Thomas Ellis, of Bank View, Smedley Lane, Cheetham, and Vernon Lodge, Harrogate, who died on Nov. 21, was proved on Feb. 17 by Mrs. Sarah Ann Ellis, the widow, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £161,474. The testator leaves all his estate and effects to his wife, for life or widowhood, and then to his children, share and share alike.

The will (dated Dec. 12, 1901), with a codicil (dated Feb. 5, 1902), of the Rev. Canon Henry William Haygarth, of the Vicarage, Wimbledon, who died on Dec. 31, was proved on Feb. 13 by William Henry Wickham, Frederic Robert Wickham, and Frederick Henry Blacker, the executors, the value of the estate being £100,494. The testator directs his executors to transfer and assign the church at Cottenham Park and St. Mark's Church, Wimbledon, and the ground on which they stand, to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners; and the two freehold houses in Hartfield Road and £500 are to

be held in trust for poor ladies of the Church of England of sixty years of age. He bequeaths £4000, in trust, for his cousin Frederika Ponsonby Holmes; £3000, in trust, for each of his cousins Katherine Aimée Swayne and Georgina Elizabeth Whelpton; £100 each to his executors; £400 to the Rev. Clifford C. Chamberlain; £200 to the Rev. Joseph K. Wilson; and legacies to servants. He devises the family estate to his brother Francis for life, with remainder to his first and other sons, according to seniority, with remainder to his daughters. The residue of his property he leaves as to one half to the children of the Rev. John Sayer Haygarth and Eleanor, his wife, and the other half, in trust, for Mrs. Anna Constance Blacker.

The will (dated Sept. 19, 1901) of Mr. Charles Deakin, of St. John's Lodge, The Chase, Southgate, who died on Dec. 9, was proved on Feb. 13 by Mrs. Eliza Jane Deakin, the widow, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £50,748. Subject to the gift of £50 to his son John Harmsworth, the testator leaves all his property to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated Feb. 19, 1902) of Mr. Lewis Levy, of 89A, Camberwell Grove, who died on Jan. 13, was

proved on Feb. 12 by Lewis Levy, Henry Levy, and Charles Levy, the sons, the executors, the value of the estate being £35,178. Subject to legacies to servants, the testator leaves all his property to his children, James, David, Emanuel, Benjamin, Lewis, Henry, Charles, Rebecca, and Elizabeth Eliza.

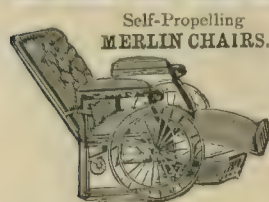
The will (dated Feb. 21, 1897) of Mr. Charles Henry Mason, of 36, Holland Park Road, late solicitor to the London and North-Western Railway Company, who died on Dec. 29, was proved on Feb. 17 by Mrs. Hannah Mason, the widow, and Claude de Jamineau Andrewes, the executors, the value of the estate being £28,619. The testator gives £500 and his furniture to his wife, and subject thereto he leaves all his property, in trust, for her, for life, and then in equal shares for his children.

Letters of Administration of the estate of Mr. Commissioner Robert Malcolm Kerr, for forty-two years Judge of the City of London Court, of Kilbirnie, Chester Road, Northwood, who died on Nov. 21, intestate, a widower, were granted on Feb. 17 to Robert Malcolm Napier Kerr, Charles Henry Malcolm Kerr, and Elizabeth Malcolm Kerr, the children and only next-of-kin, the value of the estate being £21,816.

Leveson's Bath Chairs and Invalids' Chairs have been ordered by His Majesty's Government for the use of the Invalid Soldiers from the War.

LEVESON'S INVALID CHAIRS & CARRIAGES.

(Established 1849.)

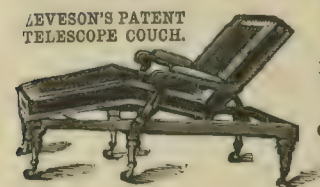


Self-Propelling
MERLIN CHAIRS.

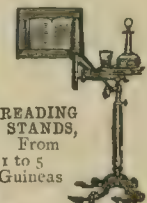
INVALIDS' COMMODE CHAIRS, SPINAL COUCHES AND CARRIAGES, BED-RESTS, LEG-RESTS, CRUTCHES, RECLINING CHAIRS, BED-TABLES, AND EVERY DESCRIPTION OF FURNITURE FOR THE USE OF INVALIDS.



CARRYING CHAIRS, from 1 Guinea.



LEVESON'S PATENT TELESCOPE COUCH.



READING STANDS, From 1 to 5 Guineas.



LEVESON'S ADJUSTABLE LOUNGE. The Leg-Rest Slides under the seat. Neatly Caned. Price 2 Guineas.



ILKLEY COUCHES, from 3½ Guineas.

LEVESON & SONS,

90 & 92, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.
7, PARKSIDE, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.
85, VICTORIA STREET, WESTMINSTER, S.W.
35, PICCADILLY, MANCHESTER.
9, ALBION STREET, LEEDS.
89, BOLD STREET, LIVERPOOL.

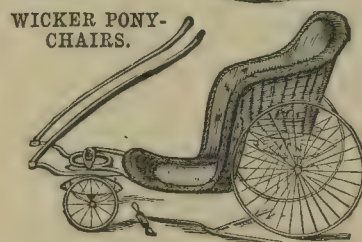
SPINAL CARRIAGES FOR CHILDREN & ADULTS.



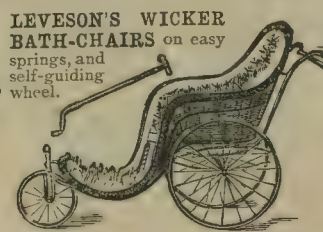
RECLINING BATH-CHAIRS.



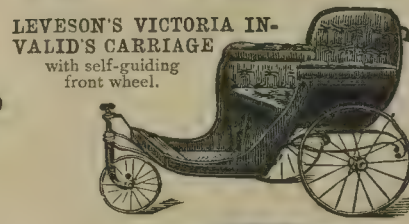
WICKER PONY-CHAIRS.



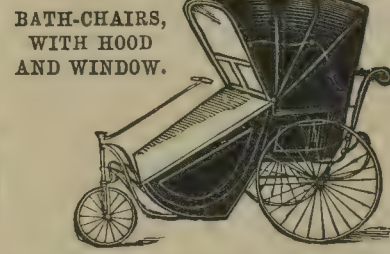
LEVESON'S WICKER BATH-CHAIRS on easy springs, and self-guiding wheel.



LEVESON'S VICTORIA INVALID'S CARRIAGE with self-guiding front wheel.



BATH-CHAIRS, WITH HOOD AND WINDOW.



LEVESON'S

Perambulators & Mail Carts.

NEW DESIGNS FOR 1903.

Illustrated Catalogue Post Free.



THE "STANHOPE" CAR, for a Child to Sit up or Lie Down.



THE "CANOE," on Cee Spring, in White or Light Tan Colour.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE POST FREE.

Telephone No. 5271 GERRARD, LONDON.

HOOPING COUGH. CROUP.

ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBROCATION. THE celebrated effectual cure without internal medicine. Sole Wholesale Agents, W. EDWARDS and SON, 157, Queen Victoria Street, London, whose names are engraved on the Government Stamp. Sold by all Chemists. Price 4s. per Bottle.

PEDIGREES TRACED.

Mr. CULLETON'S Collections and Library of 2,000 Heraldic and Genealogical Works contain references to 250,000 Pedigrees of English, Welsh, Scotch, Irish, and Continental families. 500 Parish Registers; 300 Foreign Works of all nationalities. CULLETON'S HERALDIC OFFICE, 92, PICCADILLY, LONDON. Book-plates ("Ex-libris"): Signet-rings; Seals (in gold, silver, crystal, ivory, etc.); Heraldic Engraving. Artistic paintings of Armorial Bearings.

DEAFNESS

And HEAD NOISES Relieved by Using WILSON'S COMMON-SENSE EAR-DRUMS. A New Scientific Invention, entirely different in construction from all other devices. Assist the deaf when all other devices fail, and where medical skill has given no relief. They are soft, comfortable, and invisible; have no wire or string attachment. Write to J. Pamphlett. Mention this Paper. WILSON EAR-DRUM CO. Drum in Position. D. H. WILSON, 59, South Bridge, EDINBURGH.

D'ALMAINE AND CO.—PIANOS AND ORGANS. All Improvements.

Approval Carriage Free both ways. Easy terms. 20 years' warranty. Secondhand good Cottages from 7 guineas; iron-framed, full trichord Pianos from 12½ per month. Organs from 4 guineas. Full price paid allowed within three years if exchanged for a higher class instrument. D'ALMAINE and CO. (Estd. 1848 years), 91, Finsbury Pavement, E.C. Open till 7. Saturdays 3.



FLORILINE

FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.

Is the Best LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the World. Prevents the decay of the TEETH. Renders the Teeth PEARLY WHITE. Is perfectly harmless, and Delicious to the Taste. Is partly composed of Honey and extracts from sweet herbs and plants. Of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the world. 2s. 6d. per bottle.

FLORILINE TOOTH POWDER only, Put up in glass jars, price 1s.

Prepared only by THE ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG CO., Ltd., 33, Farringdon Road, London, E.C.



They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no skill to use. Made in five colours. 12 CURLERS IN BOX. FREE BY POST, 8 STAMPS. For very bold curls, try our "IMPERIAL" Curlers, same price. Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers. BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS, now being sold by Drapers and Others. The genuine bear our TRADE MARK on the Right-hand Corner of each Label. WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, LTD., BERNERS ST., W., AND CITY ROAD, E.C., LONDON.

LLOYD'S IN TUBES, 1s. 6d. and 3s. each.

THE ORIGINAL EUXESIS FOR EASY SHAVING.

WITHOUT THE USE OF SOAP, WATER, OR BRUSH. The Label of the ORIGINAL and GENUINE Euxesis is printed with Black Ink ONLY on a Yellow Ground, and bears this TRADE MARK—

R. HOVENDEN and SONS, Ltd., the Proprietors, bought the business, with the receipt, trade mark, and goodwill, from the Executrix of the late A. S. Lloyd. The genuine is now manufactured ONLY at their Factory.

From all Chemists, Hairdressers, &c. Wholesale: R. HOVENDEN and SONS, Ltd., BERNERS STREET, W., and CITY ROAD, E.C.



ROYAL ENFIELD BICYCLES. The Perfection of Cycle Manufacture. Price from £10 10s. net, with Dunlop Tyres, Free Wheel, Two Brakes, &c. Also on Gradual Payment System. Agents everywhere. Illustrated Booklet Post Free. Mention this Paper. ENFIELD CYCLE Co. Ltd. Redditch, England.

NO MORE ASTHMA FROM THIS MOMENT. Awarded one hundred thousand francs Gold and Silver Medals and admitted to be unrivalled. Particulars gratis and post free from DR. CLERY, MARSEILLES, FRANCE. DEPOT: WILCOX, JOZEAU, AND CO., 49, Haymarket, London, S.W.



Goddard's Plate Powder

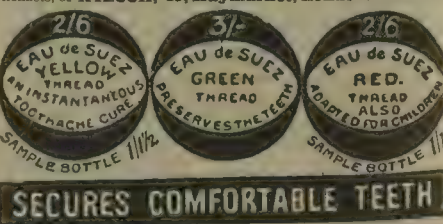
SIX GOLD MEDALS. NON-MERCURIAL. FOR MORE THAN HALF A CENTURY this Powder has sustained an unrivalled reputation as the BEST and SAFEST article for CLEANING SILVER and ELECTRO-PLATE. Sold in Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. each, by Grocers, Ironmongers, &c., everywhere.

GODDARD'S POLISHING CLOTHS. 3 in a Box, 1s.

EPPS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

EAU DE SUEZ (Yellow, Green, and Red Thread). This unique Dentifrice ensures perfect hygiene and comfort of the Teeth, Mouth, and Gums. The "Yellow Thread" instantaneously stops the most violent toothache. When the pain is past, that with the "Green Thread" should be used as a daily tooth-wash. By its special properties the Bacteria which attack the Mouth are destroyed; freedom from Offensive Breath is ensured; and the Teeth are preserved white and sound till the end. Of all Chemists, or WILCOX, 49, Haymarket, London. Sole Agents.



SECURES COMFORTABLE TEETH

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP.



"A ROYAL SHAVE."

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP has reigned "King of shaving soaps" for nearly three-quarters of a century. It has been "Crowned with honors" and is "Enthroned in the hearts of shavers."

It holds the "Sceptre of supremacy" in every country in the world and always assures a "Royal Shave."

Sold by Chemists, Hairdressers and Perfumers, all over the world, or mailed to any address on receipt of price in stamps.

Williams' Shaving Sticks, 1s. Williams' Luxury Tablets, 1s.
Williams' American Shaving Tablets, 6d.

(Trial Size) of Williams' Shaving Stick, 4d. (Trial Tablet) Williams' Shaving Soap for 1d. stamp by addressing

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., 65 Gt. Russell St., LONDON, W. C.; 161 Clarence St., SYDNEY.

Main Office and Factories, GLASTONBURY, CONN., U. S. A.

DR. DE JONGH'S LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL

Is UNRIVALLED IN CONSUMPTION & BRONCHIAL AFFECTIONS.

It is sold by all Chemists, in Capsuled Imperial Half-pints, 2s. 6d.; Pints, 4s. 9d.; Quarts, 9s.
See Testimonials surrounding each Bottle.

Sole Consignees: ANSAR, HARFORD, & CO., Ltd., 210, High Holborn, London.

THE GOERZ-ANSCHUTZ FOLDING CAMERA

Gives exposures of 1/25th to 1/1000th sec. and Time Exposures.

It is the best Camera for every kind of work.

GOOD RESULTS EVEN IN A BAD LIGHT.

Particulars from every Photographic Dealer, or from

C. P. GOERZ,
1 to 6, Holborn Circus,
LONDON, E.C.

Established 1847,

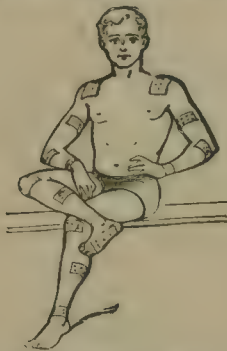
Allcock's POROUS PLASTERS

Are a universal remedy for Pains in the Back (so frequent in the case of women). They give instantaneous relief. Wherever there is a pain apply a plaster.

DIRECTIONS FOR USE.



For Pains in the region of the Kidneys, or for a Weak Back the plaster should be applied as shown above. Wherever there is pain apply Allcock's Plaster.



For Rheumatism or Pains in Shoulders, Elbows or elsewhere, or for Sprains, Stiffness etc. and for Aching Feet, cut plaster size and shape required and apply to part affected as shown above.



For Sore Throat, Coughs, Bronchitis, for Weak Lungs, and for painful and sensitive parts of the abdomen, apply as indicated.

Rheumatism, Colds, Coughs, Weak Chest, Weak Back, Lumbago, Sciatica, etc., etc.

Allcock's Plasters are superior to all other plasters. They have been in use since 1847.

Allcock's Corn Plasters
relieve immediately by preventing pressure and cure within a short time by extracting the corn.

Brandreth Pills
cure constipation, indigestion, liver and kidney affections, headaches with nausea and depressed temper caused by bilious sufferings

ASTHMA CURE GRIMAULT'S INDIAN CIGARETTES

Difficulty in Expectoration, Asthma, Nervous Coughs, Catarrh, Sleeplessness, and Oppression immediately relieved by these CIGARETTES. All Chemists, or Post Free, send. WILCOX & CO., 49, Haymarket, London, S.W.

SEEGER'S

Annual Sale, 362,000 Bottles.

HAIR DYE

Of all Hairdressers, 2/-, or plain sealed case, post free, 2/6. HINDS, LIMITED, FINSBURY, LONDON, E.C.

It dyes the hair a beautiful Blonde, Brown, or Black, by merely combing it through.



Make a Point

of asking for

LEMCO

THE ORIGINAL LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

At the time of writing, it is earnestly hoped that the Rev. C. Silvester Horne may accept the presidency of the new home mission work which the London Congregational Union is starting in Tottenham Court Road. Its centre will be Whitefield's Tabernacle, a big building which has struggled for years under a heavy load of debt. If Mr. Horne should decide to cast his lot among the poorer classes, he will be carrying out the ambition of his University days. Fortunately, he possesses at Sheringham a charming country home, where he can enjoy golfing, cycling, sailing, and other outdoor pursuits.

There is good reason to hope that under the present curate-in-charge (the Rev. A. M. Cazelet) the troubles of St. Michael's Church, Shoreditch, will speedily come to an end. It is now denied that anything like three hundred members have joined St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church, Moorfields. The regular congregation of St. Michael's rarely numbered three hundred adults. The children who had been taken to the Roman Catholic schools have nearly all returned. Among recent

preachers at St. Michael's was Canon Newbolt, whose sermon was admirably suited to promote harmony and goodwill. A fund has been started for the repair of the school-room.

The Rev. R. J. Campbell, who has been seriously overworked during the winter, has left Brighton for a short holiday, and is expected back for the meetings of the Free Church Council in March. So great is the crush at the Thursday services at the City Temple that Mr. Campbell was on one occasion obliged to ask the female portion of his audience to remain away, so as to leave room for the young City men whom he specially desired to address.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, on Sexagesima Sunday, took a touching farewell of his friends at Farnham. Preaching in St. Andrew's Parish Church, he thanked his neighbours for their kindness and loyalty, and especially for their prayers, during the past seven years. "We go forth from here," said the Primate. "Someone else comes—I know not who—to fill the place. You will, I know it well, help him as you have helped me." The Archbishop chose as his text a sentence which occurs in the Epistle for

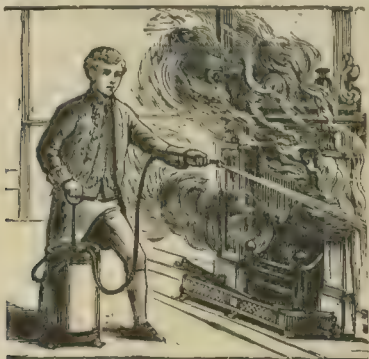
St. Matthew's Day—"Seeing we have this ministry, as we have received mercy we faint not."

A communication has been received at the Board of Trade to the effect that in a criminal action brought by the Apollinaris Company, Limited, against falsifiers of Apollinaris water in Chile, the Supreme Court of Justice has just pronounced the final judgment. The falsifiers are condemned to six months' imprisonment in addition to a fine of five hundred dollars each.

When the importance of purity in food and drink is daily receiving increased recognition, the following extract from the *Lancet* of Jan. 24 is significant—"The stout of Messrs. A. Le Coq and Co., 25, Orange Street, London, S.E., is described as 'extra double,' and our analysis confirms this description, assuming that this expression refers to stout showing a very high percentage of malt extractives. The sample we examined was in good, sound condition and ripe, and possessed a rich malty flavour. Stout has a reputation of being a very nourishing malt liquor, and in this regard this specimen must be assigned a high position."

MERRYWEATHERS'

APPARATUS FOR
COUNTRY HOUSE FIRE PROTECTION.



THE MERRYWEATHER "LONDON BRIGADE" HAND FIRE PUMP.

2540 out of the 4100 London Fires extinguished in one year by these pumps.

Price complete, delivered free in United Kingdom, £5 5s.

WRITE FOR PAMPHLETS—

"Fire Protection of Mansions" & "Fire Drill."

Can be seen in action at—

MERRYWEATHERS', 63, Long Acre, W.C. London.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

Cure COUGH, COLD, HOARSENESS, and INFLUENZA.
Cure any IRRITATION or SORENESS of the THROAT.
Relieve the HACKING COUGH in CONSUMPTION.
Relieve BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, and CATARRH.
Clear and give Strength to the VOICE OF SINGERS.
And are indispensable to PUBLIC SPEAKERS.

Of all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors, 1s. 1½d. per Box.

NOTICE.

See that the words "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" are on the Government Stamp round each Box, without which none are genuine.

FER BRAVAIS (Bravais' Iron)

IN CONCENTRATED DROPS:

Paleness, Consumption, Poorness of Blood, etc.

BRAVAIS' IRON is prescribed by the leading Physicians in all Countries.

BRIT. MED. JOURN.—"It has all the good effects of iron without producing constipation or disturbing the digestion, and it does not blacken the teeth."

LANCET.—"A beautiful and interesting preparation."—Health, Strength and a Fresh Complexion.

Soon brings back: Beware of Imitations. — Sold by Chemists everywhere.

Wholesale: 130, rue Lafayette, Paris

FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT

FRUIT SEEDS

NOTHING SO PROFITABLE AND EASY TO GROW.

80 Acres of Saleable Trees.

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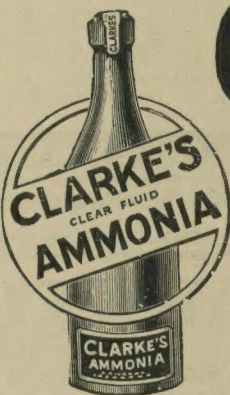
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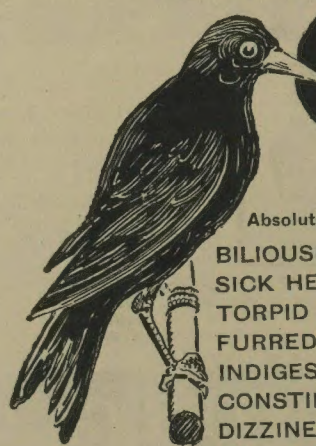
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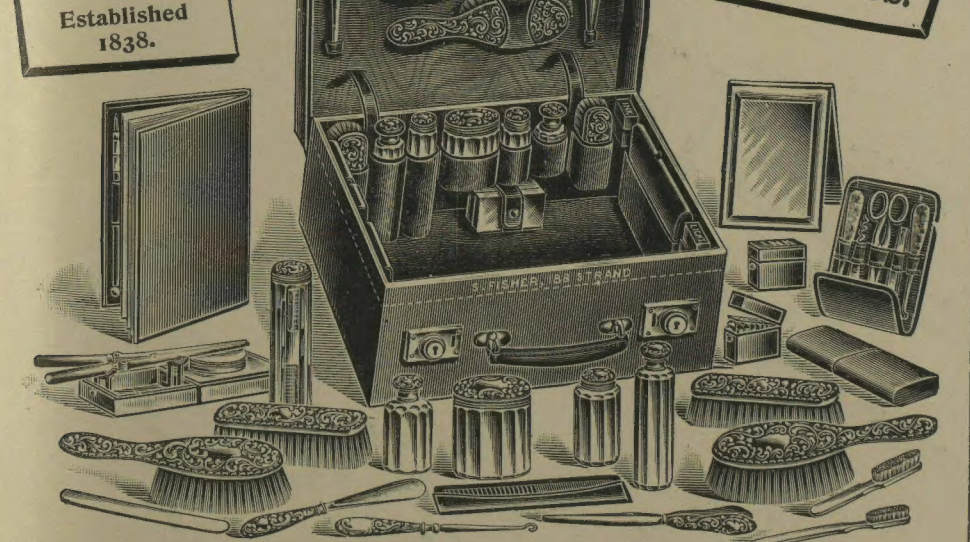
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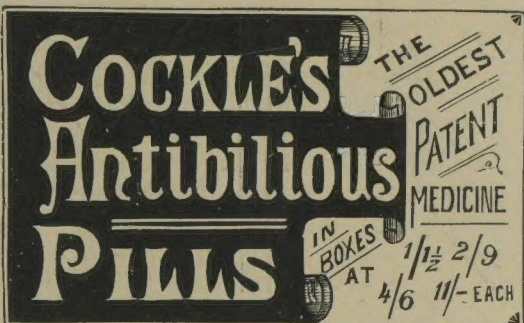


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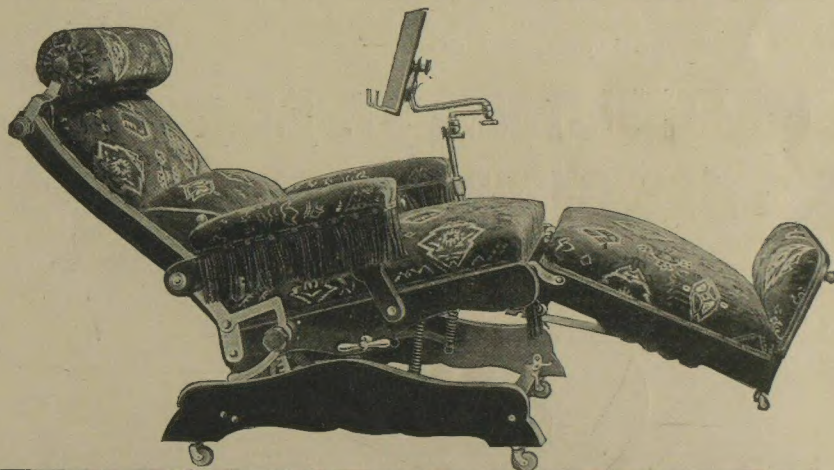
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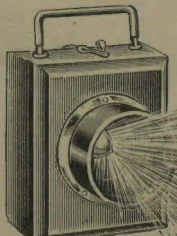
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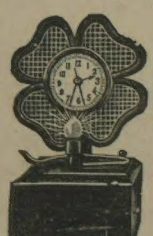
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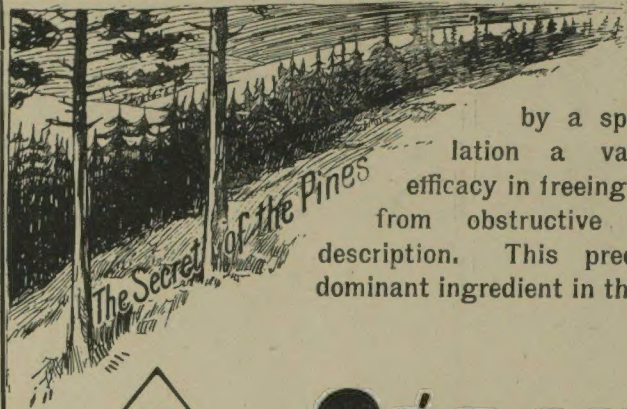
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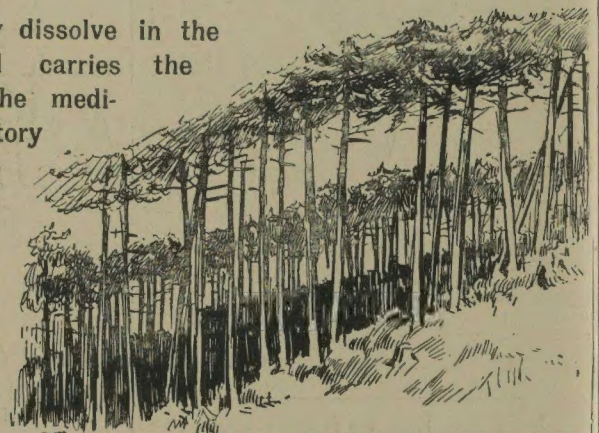
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AMALGAMATION

Mappin Brothers

LONDON SHOW ROOMS—

66, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.;
220, REGENT ST., W.

The lease of Mappin Bros.' Cheapside premises is for disposal, and the stock is being offered at all four addresses at **GREAT REDUCTIONS** to effect a clearance.